

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE.

The great fault of the American character is its want of independence. This is less seen in New York than in other parts of the country. Each seems to have been made in the same mold. It would have been a brave man that dared to wear a blue coat and brass buttons on any festive occasion till within the very last few years. Daniel Webster only succeeded (and was tolerated in so doing) for the reason that he continued to wear a dress that was fashionable when he, as a young man, first donned a "long-tailed blue." The consequence is a monotonous series of black coats and white vests at every party.

Even ladies seem to have lost all individuality, and, except in a variety of colors, every one seems to have been dressed by a machine, such regularity as exists in bows and their location, and in the number and size of tucks and flounces.

All this is easily tolerated, for dress is unimportant, and if it makes a man, makes a very small one, but is a serious matter when education is made in the same stereotype,

routine fashion. In some of our colleges a gleam of sense has begun to be seen, and each and every student is not compelled to follow the same course of studies, but may, at choice, omit the dull and in themselves almost useless dead languages.

It seems either to be unknown or forgotten that, "as a twig is bent the tree is inclined;" for although a boy may be, by his parents' whim, judgment or necessities, intended for a certain business, yet he is put through the same form of education as another that has quite an opposite path of life laid out for him.

Some think that a certain general foundation is to be laid, some platform upon which other education should be spread out, as painters put on a first coat, or priming; a second or foundation; a third of color, a fourth of finish, before the final varnishing comes.

This idea suggests that there is a possibility of finish and completeness to education, and this idea is indeed enunciated in the young ladies' boarding schools, where girls do "finish their education." Who ever heard of a boy or young man having finished his education? The idea is preposterous. If Mezzofanti, at

nearly eighty years of age, added a new language to his scores already acquired, and Humboldt did not cease, till ninety winters had frosted his head, to labor, not only in his already well-nigh exhausted fields of observation, but to commence new studies in other departments—these are only the marked examples of characteristics which are everywhere seen around.

This routinism is most painfully noticed in the education of our young girls. They go to schools where all follow the same beaten path. At home, each advancing girl follows the path that her eldest sister has previously trod.

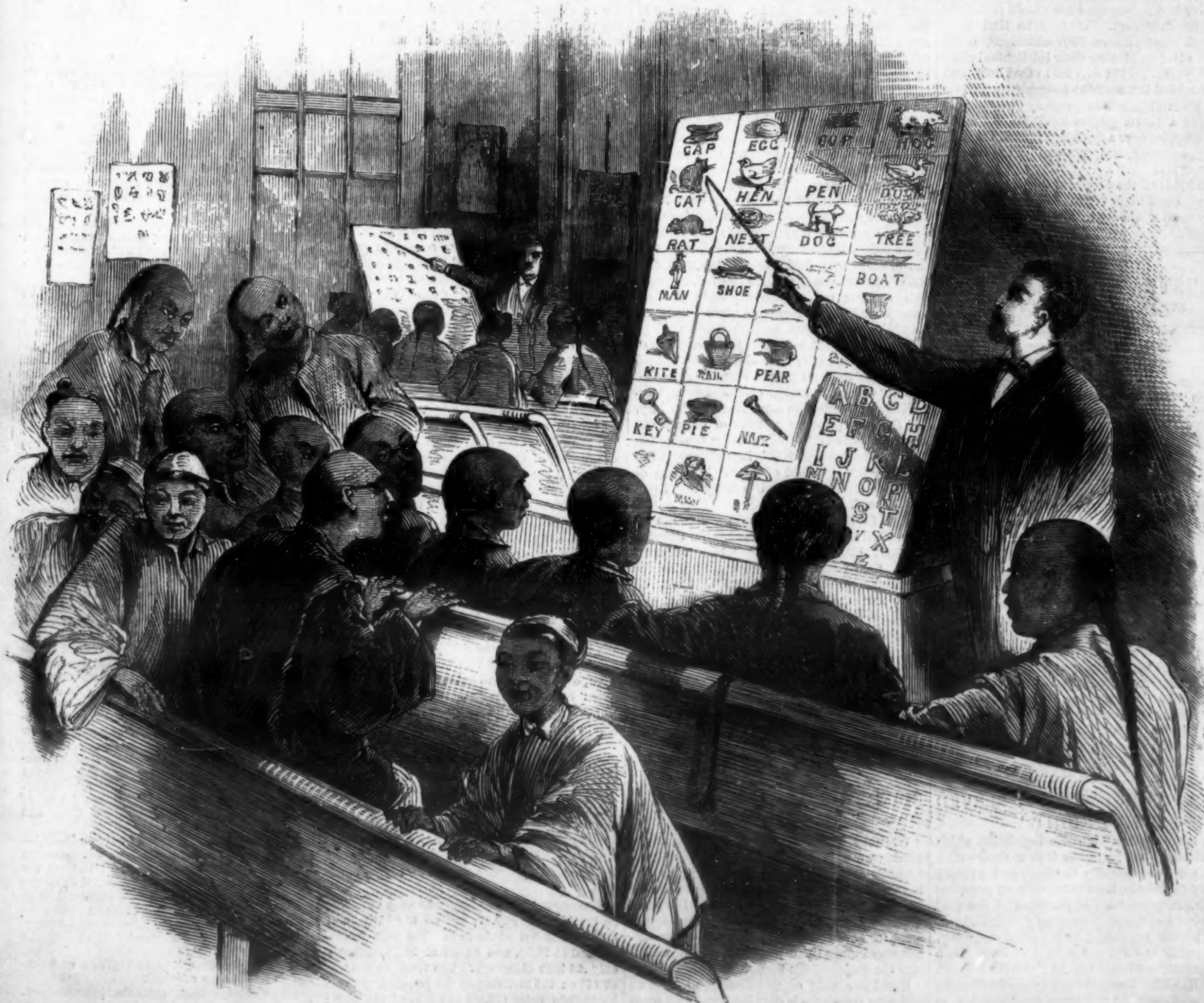
It is not intended to watch this education in its details, but merely at present to note the foolish effects of this deference to fashion in reference to accomplishments only.

The "humanizing effects of music," "the elevation of the soul, and the purifying of the flesh, under the benign influence of heavenly harmonies"—these and like rhapsodies have been so assiduously instilled into the public mind, that the community have swallowed the idea without consideration, and from all quarters the persistent strumming of the piano,

and the singing, which too often rivals the feline caterwallings outside the houses, resound in every direction.

Politicians and piano-builders have had a mutual pecuniary interest in making music a common-school study, and the children are taught, not music, but to sing unitedly a few of the commonest tunes. This has had the effect of making a piano a necessity instead of a luxury. Now, from the humblest tenement-house, the children of day-laborers are to be heard picking out with one finger, or playing most haltingly, "Shoo, Fly," or like inspiring and elevating melodies; and among the richer classes, whose means are not required to be carefully hoarded, and the common necessities of life stinted to purchase a poor, rattling, never-in-tune instrument, painfully occupying a large part of their already confined accommodations—here the children are daily driven to the piano for the study of music, for which they have no desire or natural aptitude.

The truth is, that our entire community have got, as the popular phraseology is, "piano on the brain."



THE COMING MAN.—CHINESE SCHOOL IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—AMERICAN AND CHINESE INSTRUCTORS TEACHING PUPILS THE ENGLISH ALPHABET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 172.

There is no reason for this, for it is manifestly absurd for every girl, in every class and condition of society, who can, by thrift and sacrifice of actual necessities, purchase a piano, to spend hours every day in laboriously striving to learn something of no benefit, and for which she has no natural taste—merely at the beck of fashion. Much better would it be were it fashionable for everybody to ride horseback, and it would be, if it required a large manufactory to create the horses at such a profit as to pay preachers and paragraph-writers such commissions as should encourage them to recommend it as they have pianos.

No. Everything else is neglected for the piano. An extraordinary taste for drawing, an eye remarkable for its perception of color, the faculty of seizing upon the salient points in a scene, and transferring it, life-like and naturally, upon the canvas; a taste for word-painting, the portrayal with the pen of vivid pictures of life, and the bringing forth from the hidden secrets of the brain those creations of beauty, the imagination of which fires her soul with bright visions—these, the choicest gifts of God, are sacrificed and thrown aside, and this wondrous power discarded for the senseless thrumming of our interested fingers upon some constantly out-of-tune spinnet.

Much as I love music, entranced as I can sit listening to the charmed harmonies evoked by the fingers of genius, I feel disgusted at the profanation of this divine art by the intrusion of an entire world within its sacred domains.

Pianos have no place in our public schools, and would never have been introduced there, did not some school trustee or commissioner get a fat brokerage upon them. Children should be educated, not by fashion, in a senseless routine, but according to their natural characteristics.

Teach your boys reading, writing and arithmetic; then make them desirous for knowledge, inspire them with the beauty of science, show them the grandeur of a mind full of knowledge, make them emulous, not of piles of merchandise or purses of gold, but of the splendor of that wealth which lies wrapt up in the mysterious hemispheres of the brain. Do this, and your son will become educated in the direction of his genius.

Strive to discover the more subtle capacities in your daughters. It may be that their greatest force lies in their affections, much more to be prized than their intellectual gifts. Possibly their genius may be in that holy walk of life which blossoms in maternity, and fructifies when engaged in properly directing the steps of a future generation. Do not waste their energies over a keyboard; teach them industry, economy, and fit them for the coming duties of life.

The habit of the people of this country is to run into excess. It is seen in everything, and surely most markedly to be noted is an excess of piano.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are imposters.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall commence, in our next number, the publication of a new and charming novel, by one of the most popular of the English writers, the advance sheets of which we have just received from England. It will appear simultaneously here and in London, and we can promise romance-lovers a pleasure of no ordinary character in its perusal. It is entirely

THE WIFE'S PLOT!

The opening chapters are full of interest; strongly marked and admirably drawn characters are introduced; a mystery is shadowed forth; a young, lovely but unloving wife, who is evidently to be the heroine, seizes at once both the sympathy and interest of the reader; while a disappointed lover of hers—a villain, scheming lawyer's clerk, and his master—a shrewd lawyer, afford the necessary dramatic contrast.

That the story will be an ornament to our pages, and a weekly delight to our readers, we feel thoroughly convinced.

THE VERDICT WAS, "IT SERVED HIM RIGHT."

It is surely time for some legislation which should enable a jury to be true to their oaths, and yet to acquit one charged, and actually guilty of the slaying a man, without resorting to the farce of false testimony, and the paid expressed opinions of hireling "experts."

A person is charged with killing some one, and public opinion and equivalent facts give a verdict of "served him right," but the law says that he killed the man with premeditation—it ignores utterly the cause, and condemns him to the gallows. The people, higher than the law, say he did right; the fellow ought to have been killed; he but vindicated his manhood;

he ought not to be punished, but, on the contrary, he should be honored for having the pluck to repay the wrong committed against him, by personal retributive justice.

This feeling of the people, through the intermediation of a jury, results in a determination to acquit him; and then comes the question how to do it. Of course it must be done legally; and they go to work legally. Far be it from the counsel for the defense to come forward boldly, and say the truth, "My client was foully wronged, and in avenging himself did but justice." No; the lawyer says his client was insane, that he was not answerable for his actions; thereby detracting from the prisoner all the credit which he deserved; and then brings in witnesses paid to say that they think he was mentally or morally insane; thereby disgracing the profession of medicine by giving evidence false to truth, false to science, suborned and without palliation.

The jury allow themselves to be, apparently, bamboozled by this specious pretence of science; and while knowing how silly false is this testimony, they smother their consciences, which accuse them of having broken their oaths, to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence before them; and, putting off all responsibility from themselves, heap it on these medical expert scapegoats, and are thus enabled to bring in the premeditated verdict of "not guilty," to be received by cheers from the outside jury of the people at large.

How futile is justice thus administered! What security has the community against such insanity? How much better would it have been for the jury to have brought in a verdict of guilty of murder, but justified by the circumstances; and to have thus recommended him as a fit subject for executive clemency and an honorable pardon.

But our legislators should so frame the laws as to allow a plea of justifiable homicide to be rendered. There are crimes so gross, villainies so despicable, that it is degrading to human nature to coldly stand still and allow the slow process of the law, even if more certain than it now is, to consider with coolness, and punish with deliberation. No sum of money, no exposure in the pillory, no prolonged imprisonment of the offender, will repay the sufferer of a personal indignity. The majesty of the law may indeed be vindicated, but the outraged feelings of the sufferer can only be offset in kind. Men are not all Quakers, and human nature is not to be despised or set aside entirely, and the law should not attempt it.

There are no attributes of humanity which are not, when perverted, correct, holy and God-implanted. Our appetites and our passions are all given for some wise purpose by an overruling power. Even revenge, blood-thirsty, retributive and fearful as it often is—it is a manly attribute. It is the antipodes of the mean-spirited, craven nature that feels no degradation, that recognizes no dishonor, and the absence of a desire to revenge such foul wrongs as are sometimes committed, argues a nature either too angelic for earth or base enough for hell—certainly not human, not commendable or common.

The laws should recognize the necessities of our human natures, and should not compel false issues to be made, and sacred oaths to be openly violated. If the community, and especially that selection from it called the jury, say that the prisoner accused of murder did only what was right—what, under the circumstances, he was justified in doing, the law should allow a verdict of justifiable killing or homicide to be rendered entirely acquitting the accused.

Thus Sickles was acquitted; so too the seduced girl in Cincinnati, who shot her betrayer in the public street; so too was Mr. McFarland. The community sympathizes with the wronged, and it is an outrage that it is by quip and subterfuge, deceiving no one—a species of red tape evasions—that these acquittals were obtained. They were not obtained by any legal shrewdness. The men were acquitted before they were tried, and the whole interest centered in noting upon what plea the verdict was to be made out. The result would have been the same if an alibi had been endeavored to have been made out, and justice would have been no more a mockery than it was. Some change in the law is imperatively demanded.

EDUCATION AND EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

WITHOUT wrangling about the policy of involving women in the strife of parties, and the turmoil of political affairs generally, by rendering them eligible as electors and as candidates for office, it may be said that there is a great work before us in providing suitable employment for females whose inclinations or necessities may induce them to seek other labors beside the duties of the household.

One large field of usefulness—all that we will now mention—is opening more and more widely to females, for which they are peculiarly qualified—supposing their education to be what it ought to be—in which they are already

rendering valuable service, and acquiring proportionate influence. We mean the instruction of the young, especially in the primary branches.

The extent to which ladies are already employed, as teachers, all over the land, would surprise people who have not turned attention to the subject. As a general thing, it may be stated that women are thus winning success, to a degree that causes demand for more of them, with education better qualifying them for teaching in the higher branches of education. This should stimulate us all to urge increased care in the tuition of girls, so as to qualify them better for employment in this important branch of business.

Parents and others, having charge of the education of girls, should see that that education is made sufficiently good to qualify their protégées for teaching others; so that, in case of necessity, this resource may be open to them for honorable employment.

It is well to remember, however, that sending girls to "fashionable schools" is not the best way of promoting this object. As the larger share of employment must be found in the public or common schools, and as satisfactory passage through those schools will furnish important recommendation when the pupils, in after years, aspire to become teachers, every parent and guardian should see that all the requirements of the public schools—such as studying in them for a specific period—are complied with by the girls under their charge, as certificates of proficiency in those schools will greatly facilitate the acquisition of employment whenever the position of teacher may become desirable.

Such practical education for women is a good endowment for life—worth thousands of dollars, if we must measure it by a pecuniary standard—fitting them better for the usual duties of the household and of society, while rendering them measurably independent, by enabling them to turn their talents to profit whenever necessity or inclination induces them to become teachers, or to embark otherwise in literary pursuits, or in other avocations for which their education qualifies them.

Many of the ladies most distinguished in society, in every part of the Union, take pleasure in ascribing their successful progress to the plain, practical training of the public schools; and the daughter of a recent President of the United States probably considered, as others considered, that her training in the Albany Normal School fitted her better to occupy creditably her position in the White House. None but the supercilious will sneer at those schools because they are called "common," from the fact that their benefits are within reach of all, without money or price.

Thousands of parents may yet thank us for these hints—which we intend to follow up by further suggestions concerning employments suitable for women—satisfied, as we are, that we can hardly render better service to society than by urging prompt and thorough attention to such matters of education as will qualify females for discharging duties in various branches of business that are now monopolized by men who should be employed in other spheres.

"APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS."

SO SAYS the poet, but the first part of April, just passed, did not quite fulfill the prediction. The first April showers became congealed into snow on three successive days—a condition not very favorable for the development of flowers. No more showers occurred till the 11th, when the temperature had risen to about 50°, and on the 15th was as high as 76°, then the buds burst open, the leaves pushed out rapidly, and the birds chirped and sung while preparing their nests. On the 17th it dropped down to 41°, and the songs of the birds ceased, the flowers kept their petals closed, and fires glowed in the parlor. It kept cool, but variable, not rising higher than 66° till the 26th, when it rose, and on the 28th reached 78.5° at 2 P.M., and about 5 P.M. a thunder-storm burst over the city, preceded by a violent gale, that sent the dust whirling through the streets, penetrating every cranny, and filling the eyes of pedestrians, while drivers of carriages hardly knew whither they were driving. Some of the residents up-town were startled by the rattling of hail against their windows, but no damage was done. The temperature fell 13° in four hours, and on the morning of the 29th stood at 59°—a fall of about 30°. The heavens were illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning for two hours, and the heavy thunder seemed to jar the buildings.

The barometric pressure was very variable; on the 5th it was 29.37, and on the 16th 30.21 inches—a range of .84 inch. The month commenced at 29.99, and ended at 29.73 inches—only .26 inch difference. The temperature was at 43° on the morning of the 1st, and attained its highest point (78.5°) at 2 P.M. of the 28th; its lowest was 32.8°, on the evening of the 4th—a range of 45.7°; the month closed at 67°, showing 14° warmer than at the beginning.

The moisture of the atmosphere averaged 58° of saturation, although it was 89° on the 4th. The prevailing wind was from the east, being about equally divided between northeast and southeast. The aurora borealis illumined the northern sky in the evening of the 25th. Solar halos and lunar coronas served to give relief to the sombre appearance of the sky, and a few erratic meteors shot across with their evanescent light, causing a sudden surprise to the beholder. More than five and a half inches of water, in rain and snow, fell. The fields put on their bright green, the buds swelled almost to bursting, and gave pleasing indications of the flowers that would bedeck the gardens in May.

THE TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

CLOSE OF SERIES.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THE treatment of Pulmonary Consumption is dependent upon the stage in which it comes to us. In its earliest periods we recognize it, not so much by its actual presence as by its threatening aspects. Its local characteristics are slight and unimportant, like the cloud in the west, no bigger than a man's hand, but which the weather-wise recognize as the omen of a future, impending, calamitous blast. The pulse answers to the barometer, and the occasional hectic typifies the lurid cloud overhanging and lit by the distant setting sun. Now is the time for such preparation as may ward off the blast. As the sailor endeavors to get away from the circle of the storm, the consumptive should strive to get away from the disease. Now is the time for travel, for revivifying scenes, for change of air and food and thought. Now he can beneficially avoid the irregular and tempestuous winter of this latitude, and spend a more genial season in climes where consumption is not indigenous. Well will it be if he can break up his home and seek for another elsewhere. We know that there are many regions where consumption never originates; where slight cases are entirely cured; and where those quite advanced, and threatening to come to a speedy end, are arrested, held in abeyance for an indefinite period, and only to be renewed by a return to the place of its inception.

How much the part of wisdom it is for one inheriting this dire malady as a legacy entailed through many generations, to shun the localities where his family has, for a century or more, grown up, only to become the early victims of tuberculosis. The old homestead, one would think, would become less attractive when its occupant was doomed to early death; the town or State in which he was born but soon to die, less desirable than another in which he might enjoy prolonged life. Prevention or arrest is far better than cure. The green-embowered cottage, whose white sides are scarcely seen through the green shrubbery which environ it, while looking so cool and charming, are too much like the opalesque skin of the snake, that, glittering, destroys.

Hie away, then, from the beautiful valley and the little white cottage with emerald-green blinds, and your native land; and, in some Colorado, or Arizona, or Utah, seek renewed life under new auspices.

If you think this impossible, leave the city, with its impure air, and seek some salubrious home in an adjacent Orange or mountain height. I say Orange, for this New Jersey town claims to possess a peculiar salubrity by reason of its mountain character, being shut off from the northern blasts by the intervening hill-sides, and tempered most peculiarly by the southern sea breezes, which have free access to it through a gap in the outspreading ranges. It claims to peculiar dryness of atmosphere, more equable temperature, and general hygienic conditions.

But wherever the consumptive goes, let him avoid the lowlands, with their rich, boggy soil; but rather seek for the southern exposure of a mountain-side, with no hill-ponds or marshy spots on the table-land; or the broad, dry prairies of the far West. His residence should be open to the fresh air of heaven, and God's bright sunshine should shine upon and into it.

Sunlight is the most powerful tonic in the world. The unhealthiness of cities depends in no little degree upon its narrow streets, into which no revivifying beam ever comes, and where the air is dank and noisome; from the richly furnished parlors, whose beautiful tapestried carpets are too costly to be exposed to the sunlight, but where life is so unimportant as to be willingly faded away by the want of it.

Let the invalid ride in the sunshine, walk in the sunshine, sit and bathe himself in the sunshine, and from its refreshing beams draw new strength and energy.

Consumption, as already intimated in previous papers, is a disease proceeding from exhaustion of the system and general debility. This should be combated by those forms of treatment which should produce flesh and strength.

The out-of-door life which I have indicated—and, for a poor man, a place as conductor on the cars is very desirable—will stimulate the appetite. This should be encouraged by stimulation by ale, wine and spirits—under proper advice—to be rarely taken between meals, but at them, as stimulants to appetite and aids to digestion. A "poor stomach" is one of the worst concomitants to consumptive tendencies, and should be combated by vigorous and persistent out-of-door exercise.

All sedentary employments should be avoided. The shoemaker, the tailor, the in-door mechanic, especially those where there is dust or metallic filings, smoke or chemical fumes constantly arising from the work. Either such employ-

ments or life must be given up. You have your choice, and must decide speedily.

So far as medicines are concerned, learn to utterly disregard the well-meant, but always pernicious advice of friends; the alluring promises and mistaken or false and fraudulent recommendations of advertised medicines. The sands of life will utterly run out before relief will come through any such source. In the regular profession of medicine, and from its ablest members, will such benefits spring. The properties of steam, and the telegraph and electricity, etc., were discovered, not by "retired" quacks or mercenary charlatans, but by men of erudition, thought, and persevering assiduity. From such as they will come specific cures for all ills, when they do come. Put, then, no shadow of trust in empirical remedies, which delude with false hope, raising you up the higher in order to plunge you down to deeper depths of discontent and misery.

Select a medical adviser from among the intelligent, thoughtful, honest, sympathizing of the profession—if possible, a personal friend—one who rides no hobbies; not one of that weak kind, who have regularly some infatuation that casts a glamour over their senses—yesterday seeing wondrous virtues in hypophosphates; to-day, in whisky and cod-liver oil; to-morrow, in carboic acid—all of which, valuable enough in their places, are not potent or specific.

Having chosen your physician, sensible and honest, he will not cram you with medicines, nor draw upon your pocket too freely for unnecessary visits. Trust in him implicitly, for a good patient makes a good doctor. It is impossible for him to have an interest in you when you share your faith in him with every advertising quack, and every kind but injudicious friendly visitor.

Finally, remember with your other bills, the debt of nature which must be paid sooner or later. The tenement you have so fondly thought your own was only a "snug-harbor lease," and the term is nearly run out. Will it be renewed? It is in sad condition—patched and rickety. Will the sovereign lord permit it to continue, or will its place upon the earth be required whereon to put up a more "imposing front?"

If you are but a "tenant at will of One who doeth all things best"—if you must move out to join that great caravansary that goeth ever onward to the unseen world—wisely anticipate events, by preparation. Accept the flat that has gone forth. Waste not strength or time in vain repinings, but in submission prepare for entrance into another life. It is the lot of many to drop in the harness. They have no opportunity to repent of errors, to redress wrongs, to make their peace with man prior to rendering an account of their stewardship.

Shall you be "made ruler over ten cities," or bankrupt of all, with no letter of credit to enter upon a new life?

The tediousness of this disease has thus its compensations.

THE New York Mercantile Journal, as the champion of a new financial idea, some time ago issued the following challenge:

"To any person who will be the first to convince any twelve business men of New York, to be chosen in the usual manner of selecting juries, that Mr. Boutwell, in purchasing bonds at a premium, is not disobeying the law, we will pay one thousand dollars, provided the usual privilege of arguing our case against him before such jury be accorded to us."

They now renew the offer, and will allow the party accepting it to change the labor (to be performed on the same conditions) to the task of showing that the country will be benefited by a resumption of specie payments. They affirm that forced resumption would cripple all our industries to an extent far beyond the conception of ordinary minds.

Mr. Wallace P. Groom, the editor of the Mercantile Journal, thus briefly gives the spirit of his financial theory:

"In the interchangeability (at the option of the holder) of National Paper Money with Government bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest, there is a subtle principle that will regulate the movements of Finance and Commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam engine is regulated by its 'Governor.' Such Paper Money Tokens would be perfect measures of value, which gold and silver never have been. The use of gold or other merchandize, as money, is a barbarism unworthy of the Age."

ART MATTERS.

MR. ALLEN B. MINER proposes to follow up the highly successful sales of Pictures which have already taken place under his auspices with one which will undoubtedly be the Sale of the Season. The Exhibition of this collection of noble works of Art is now open at the Leeds Art Galleries, and contains works from the leading artists of the American, Flemish, German, French and English modern schools of painting—some of them of a class which rarely find their way into the auction-room. Amongst these, he has one of the deceased Emanuel Leutze's finest works—the Portrait of Abraham Lincoln delivering his Second Inaugural. It is a noble portrait. He will also sell the splendid Dubufe, called "The Circassian Slave," which was painted to order for Charles X. of France—a grand ideal figure of "Italia" by the Baron Wappers—Rosenberg's painting of "Long Branch by Moonlight," which has been possibly the most bitterly and flatteringly criticised painting we have had in this country for the last ten years—Rothermel's original painting of "The Republican Court of Abraham Lincoln," the larger picture from which was destroyed some eighteen months since, by fire—with charming canvasses by Bilders, Von Wille, W.

and J. Hart, Monfallet, Lachenwitz, Nehlig, Toussaint, and others whose names range in the first artistic class. Such a sale ought to draw purchasers from every part of the United States, and we anticipate that its result will, at all events, this season, be unparalleled. In any case, the announcement of it proves that Art has awakened from its slumber of the last three or four years.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The "Brisk," Telegraph Ship.

There has recently been anchored, in the mouth of the English Channel, about fifty miles from Land's End, the British naval ship Brisk, for the use of the International Channel Telegraph Company. We reproduce an engraving of this vessel, as she is seen lying at anchor, from the Illustrated London News. At the top of her mainmast a large black cone is hoisted during the daytime, and at night a powerful globular light, elevated thirty feet above the sea. A flaring light will also be shown every fifteen minutes from an hour after sunset till an hour before sunrise. During foggy weather, day and night, a bell will be rung half a minute every fifteen minutes, and a gun fired every quarter of an hour for the first six months, and after that, every hour. The vessel will also have on board a stock of provisions and a supply of coal for vessels in immediate need. A steam-tug, having her headquarters at Penzance, is attached to attend to orders by telegraph from the telegraph-ship.

The Volunteer Review at Brighton, England.

In our last issue we gave two engravings illustrating the review of the volunteer soldiery of the metropolis of England, on Easter-Monday, at Brighton. The London Illustrated papers have devoted much space to this review, giving pictures of the progress of the militia, by land and water, to Brighton—a favorite summer resort of the fashionable people of the great city—the parade, the sham-battle, and the lesser incidents of "this show of war." The force numbered twenty-six thousand men. In marching and drilling they were "quite respectable" in the eyes of the "old boys" of the regular army. In this number we give illustrations of the religious services held on Easter-Sunday, for volunteers, in the beautiful dome of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton; also, during the progress of the sham-battle, a military maneuver made for the defense of Ovingdean, which it was assumed the "enemy" proposed taking by flanking their opponents. "The advanced lines of the attacking force were thrown forward to cover the village of Ovingdean, which lies in a hollow, and, on getting possession of Ovingdean Hill, they succeeded in resisting the masterly movement of the invaders, who were supposed to be freshly landed on the coast, and desirous of making a lodgment on Brighton Downs."

Inaugurating a Promenade.

Blackpool, on the Lancashire coast, England, is a pleasant summer resort for invalids and those who desire to pass a few weeks in a locality renowned for the purity of its atmosphere and the beauty and boldness of its scenery. Blackpool is but an hour's journey from Manchester and Liverpool. It has gained a new attraction and local advantage by the opening of a promenade and carriage-drive, and of an improved entrance to its fine iron pier, constructed a few years ago, to which a jetty for steamboats has been appended. The promenade, said to have cost three hundred thousand dollars, is two miles in length, and runs parallel to the carriage-way. The whole commands an uninterrupted view of the open sea, with the Westmoreland and Cumberland mountains to the right hand, the more distant hills of North Wales to the left, and a glimpse now and then of the Isle of Man in a northwesterly direction. The procession at the formal opening of the promenade, etc., was composed of the Lancashire militia, masonic lodges, etc. The display was well arranged, and had a good effect. In the evening, the guests of the town authorities were invited to a banquet.

The Ham Fair in Paris.

The Parisians, remarks the London Illustrated Times, are far in advance of ourselves in their cosmopolitan appetite for everything eatable, if it should promise to supply a new article of food in their already wide cuisine. Singularly enough, however, that which is one of our commonest dishes has not yet taken a very decided hold on the Parisian palate. Ham or bacon is not regarded there as sufficient alone, with bread or vegetables, for a satisfactory meal, and in the higher cookery is used mostly for a kind of garnishing or savory accompaniment. Eggs and bacon, bacon and cabbage, or broiled ham and spinach, are not fully recognized as delicacies, and this may be accounted for by the fact that the hams sold in Paris are not always of the sort best calculated to entice the judicious eater. Many of them are of dry Bayonne curing; others are from Germany, stringy and rancid; some again, lean and woody, from the ill-conditioned hogs of Spain. York hams have lately found their way into the market in larger quantities; but it is doubtful whether the sweet, unsmoked delicacy of the true York is altogether appreciated by the French palate.

An Irish Cabin.

The engraving illustrates the terrible condition to which, by improvidence, bad legislation and absenteeism, the Irish agricultural population has been reduced. It is said that Lord Castlemaine, on whose estate in Kilkenny-West "The Cabin" is situated, and whose inhabitants are his tenants, is recognized as among the best of the landed proprietors in that division of Ireland. If as good as his friends represent him, to what a sad condition the people of Ireland must be reduced. Only measures of the most radical character can benefit them, and these, it is insisted, the present Government of England is endeavoring to bring about.

The Conscription Riots in Spain.

During the days and nights of the 2d and 4th of April, serious riots occurred in Catalonia, but more particularly in Barcelona, the principal city of that province. These riots were caused by the authorities enforcing the conscription laws, which require that a quinta (i. e., one-fifth of the young men) of the population, over eighteen years of age, should be drawn into the army. In consequence of the disturbed state of the country, the Catalans at once declared against the conscription; and, to prevent the authorities from knowing who were and who were not liable to be drawn, sacked the City Hall, and made a bonfire of the official books and records, while a detachment of rioters outside the town attacked a train on the Bar-

celona and Saragossa Railroad, which they supposed was bringing up troops to act against them. They were finally attacked, dispersed, and driven through the streets by the soldiers, as our engravings in this and previous issues show. On the days appointed for the drawing, the women took a prominent part in opposition thereto, and in the disturbances that followed. It seems to be of little use making "risings" in Spain now, however; for, whatever defects the government may exhibit in other matters, Marshal Prim always manages to suppress insurrections, whatever their object may be; and, of course, he suppressed the anti-conscription movement in Catalonia and elsewhere.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—This favorite summer resort of the elite of New York and its suburbs, was formally reopened on the evening of the 9th inst., by Mr. Theodore Thomas, the very popular conductor, sustained by a large and judiciously selected band of string and wind instruments, thoroughly cultivated and quite capable of the highest artistic effort. Notwithstanding the fact that the evening was wet and chilly, a select and cultivated audience was attracted to the garden, and the result was, although the night was unpromising, a brilliant success—the large music-hall being comfortably filled.

During the winter months, very great changes—all, of course, looking toward improvement—were made. The interior of the hall has been entirely remodeled, the garden renovated, the entrance enlarged and beautified, and the corridor so arranged that those seated in the great auditorium, listening to the exquisite strains evoked from trumpet and violin, flute and clarinet, and the hundred other instruments of the orchestra, will no longer be disturbed by those entering or departing. The refurnishing, repainting, and redecorating of the Garden have been conducted without regard to expense, and with a rare exercise of taste that commends itself to the cultivated eyes of its visitors. The garden proper has been artistically laid out, the dark alcoves removed, and a promenade made to encircle the whole area, the pavement of which is sufficiently elastic to assist the movements without fatiguing the body. Indeed, the Garden may now be accepted as complete in every particular—wanting in nothing that can make it attractive to those whose tastes are sufficiently refined to enjoy the beauties nature and art give to the eye, the ear, and the heart. We look for an unprecedentedly brilliant season at this place, the central attraction always being Theodore Thomas's magnificent instrumental concerts.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

THE British Museum has cost the Government of Great Britain nearly \$20,000,000, and it now costs nearly \$600,000 a year to maintain it.

DR. J. CAMPBELL recently read a paper before the Anthropological Society of London, "On Polygamy: Its Influence in Determining the Sex of our Race, and its Effects on the Growth of Population." The author, who had been many years resident in Siam, concludes that the proportion of males and females born were, as in the case of monogamist marriages, entirely equal.

THE floating dust-like matter revealed in the air by a sunbeam is organic, probably floating germs of animal and vegetable life, and can be entirely destroyed, or the atmosphere rendered "optically empty," by passing through a red-hot platinum tube. The appearance of black clouds of smoke which arise from the flame of a spirit-lamp or a red-hot metal plate is in reality a mass of "optically empty" air.

MR. WALLACE, in a recent number of Nature, assumes to show, from a course of astronomical reasoning, that during the last 60,000 years the climate of the globe has been exceptionally uniform, without any great fluctuations; consequently, that the conditions have been favorable to a long continuance of the same forms of animal and vegetable life, and that the slow rate of variation during historical periods may be no gauge of the rate during geological periods. He places the probable period of the termination of the glacial epoch at from 70,000 to 80,000 years back, the cretaceous at 10,000,000, the carboniferous at 18,000,000, and the Cambrian period at 24,000,000 years.

THERE'S nothing, as people suppose, like a good, sound glass of port wine, especially for invalids of advanced years. But imagine an old lady drinking, to get back her strength, the port wine bought at Stonington, Conn., lately, and analyzed by Prof. Silliman, of Yale College. The man of science found lots of molasses, 21 per cent. of alcohol, 100 grains of sulphuric acid to the gallon, and 45 grains of oxide of lead in the same quantity. There's a nice, jovial, exhilarating, warming drink for you—"with a hue as red as the rose bud that the bee doth love to dream in"—the said hue being obtained from that unpoetical article—molasses! How long would Anacronor have lived, and how well could he have sung, on oxide of lead?

MEANS have been devised whereby a barometer—an aneroid, let us say—shall record its own fluctuations. The instrument is entirely self-acting and self-registering, and consists of a large and powerful aneroid and an eight-day clock, mounted side by side on one stand. Each of these instruments has an eight-inch dial between them, and there is placed in a vertical position a cylinder four inches in diameter. The circumference of this cylinder is furnished with a toothed wheel, which works in an endless screw at the back of the instrument; it has a paper attached to it, ruled to coincide with the barometer scale. This paper, besides being ruled horizontally into inches and tenths, to correspond with the barometric scale, is divided vertically, throughout its entire length of twelve inches, into seven principal and seven minor divisions, indicated by darker and lighter lines. The dark lines represent the noon, and the lighter lines the midnight, of each twenty-four hours. The paper thus lasts one week. Near the paper a pencil, guided by a rod of metal, is moved up and down, as the action takes place in the aneroid, and at every hour the pencil is made to mark the paper by simple mechanism connected with the clock. By this simple means a black-dotted curved line is produced, showing at a glance the height of the barometer—whether it is falling or rising, for how long it has been doing so, and at what rate the change is taking place (whether at the rate of one-tenth per hour or one-tenth in twenty-four hours)—facts which can only be arrived at, when the old instrument is used, by very frequent and regular observations, coupled with a degree of vigilance, which few would care to exercise, notwithstanding the importance to be attached to data of this kind when the weather is the subject of study and investigation.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Galvestonians have subscribed \$40,000 for a new theatre.

JOHN BROUGHAM has written a new play called "Minnie's Luck."

"THE FORTY THIEVES" will shortly be revived by the Lydia Thompson troupe.

THE Abbe Liszt is said to be completing a grand symphonic poem, "Le Roi Etienne."

LOTTA sails for England the first week in June, accompanied by her mother and brother.

MR. A. J. SIMS has received the appointment of organist to the English Church in Rome.

PATTI drew 20,000 francs into the Italian Opera, on the evening of her reappearance in Paris as Linda.

THE Cincinnati Sangerfest will spend \$6,000 for orchestral music. This is expected to secure 126 players.

M. MAURICE RICHARD, the new French Minister of Fine Arts, has promised his support to the musical institutions of Paris.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA has been invited to conduct his "Nauman," at the Paris Opera Concerts shortly to be recommenced.

THE "Princess of Trebizonde," after a run of one hundred and thirty-five nights at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris, has been withdrawn.

THE last concert of the Philharmonic Society, for this season, took place at the Academy of Music, New York, on Saturday evening, May 7th.

ABERDEEN, Scotland, has a vocal society numbering one thousand three hundred voices. This is far ahead of anything in New York.

Six hundred trumpets, fifty drums, and four hundred and seventy voices formed the orchestra at a concert given recently at St. Petersburg.

GEORGE HOLLAND, probably the oldest actor at present on the American stage, received a benefit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the 16th inst.

WE understand that John Brougham is to prepare a new version of his great burlesque of "Pocahontas" for the Lydia Thompson troupe.

MILIE MARIE SARR has signed, at Milan, an engagement with the opera manager of St. Petersburg for four seasons. She will receive the sum of \$7,000.

"MOSQUITO," the Dumas drama written for Lydia Thompson, was produced at Niblo's Garden on the 2d inst. for the first time. It is in three acts, and nine scenes.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE presented "Fox vs. Goose" and "Lost Ashore" at Booth's Theatre on the 16th inst. The last piece was given for the first time on any stage.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMPSON is engaged on an adaptation of the "Pont des Soupirs," one of Offenbach's best works, and one that is scarcely at all known in England.

THE claim of the late Madame Codecassa to have been the original Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," is now contested at Prague by the friends of another dead vocalist, the Signora Bondini.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS are in the last week but two of their present season at their hall in New York, as they are preparing for a tour of about three months, visiting many of the principal cities.

A DRAMATIC spectacle, called "Lion of Nubia; or, Hunters of the Nile," is in active preparation at the Old Bowery Theatre, and will shortly be produced at that establishment in grand style.

THE Parepa-Rosa troupe opened at Music Hall, Boston, on the 16th, for a season of English opera, during which Madame Rosa will make her last appearance previous to her departure for Europe.

It is reported that Mr. Grau has concluded an engagement with Madame Marie Niemann Seebach, the tragedienne, and that she will play one hundred nights in America, commencing in New York city in September.

THE Accademia Filarmonica of Rome, which was closed on political grounds some years ago, has been allowed to reconstitute itself under the patronage of Cardinal di Pietro. It has begun its new career with one of Verdi's operas.

A CONCERT was given at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 3d, which was attended by the elite of the city. It was for the benefit of an orphan asylum. The singers were Mrs. Edmund Dexter, Miss Winslow, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, and others.

THE Spanish ballet-troupe brought to this country by Max Maretzek for the Grand Opera House, New York, made its debut at that establishment on the 2d inst., appearing in the second act of the successful spectacular drama of "The Twelve Temptations."

MR. JOSEPH BARNEY brings out his new Biblical cantata, on the story of Rebekah, at St. James's Hall, London, this month, with full band and chorus, and Sims Reeves in the rôle of Isaac. The libretto is by Mr. Arthur Mathison, of Wallack's Theatre.

"FROU FROU" was first brought out in Washington at Wall's Opera House, on the 2d inst., by Laura Keane and her well-appointed company. Her production of "Frou Frou" (her own version) received much genuine praise, and attracted the most fashionable and critical audiences of the season.

THE many friends of Charles T. Parsloe, Sr., will be pained to learn that the old gentleman is at present lying very sick in New York. He is almost helpless, and is suffering with a combination of diseases, and a general prostration of the whole system. Mr. Parsloe, in his day, was one of the best pantomimists on the stage, and a good general actor.

F. S. CHANFRAU closed his engagement at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 7th inst. On the 6th, for his farewell benefit, the performance commenced with "Solon Shingle," followed by "Jerry Clip," and concluded with "Toodles." Mr. Chanfrau appearing as Solon Shingle, Jerry Clip, with imitations, and Timothy Toodles, every character receiving full justice at his hands.

On the 7th inst., Lotta entered upon the third and concluding week of her brilliant engagement at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md. In the latest acquisition to her repertoire, entitled "Heart's Ease; or, What's Money Without," from the pen of Edmund Falconer. The drama is replete with the brightest colorings of romance, and situations and scenes blending the humorous and pathetic with the happiest effects.

PRIMA DONNAS sing before courts for nothing, but expect a stunning perquisite in return. Minnie Hauck received only a ten-dollar bracelet from one of the aristocratic clubs of St. Petersburg for gratuitous warbling. She sent it back, with a letter in indignant Anglo-Saxon. The club returned it, with the information that they could not read English. She then sent in a bill of one hundred and fifty roubles in Russian, which they also professed themselves unable to understand.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 163.



FRANCE.—EXPOSITION OF PRIZE HAMS FROM ENGLAND, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, ETC., IN PARIS.



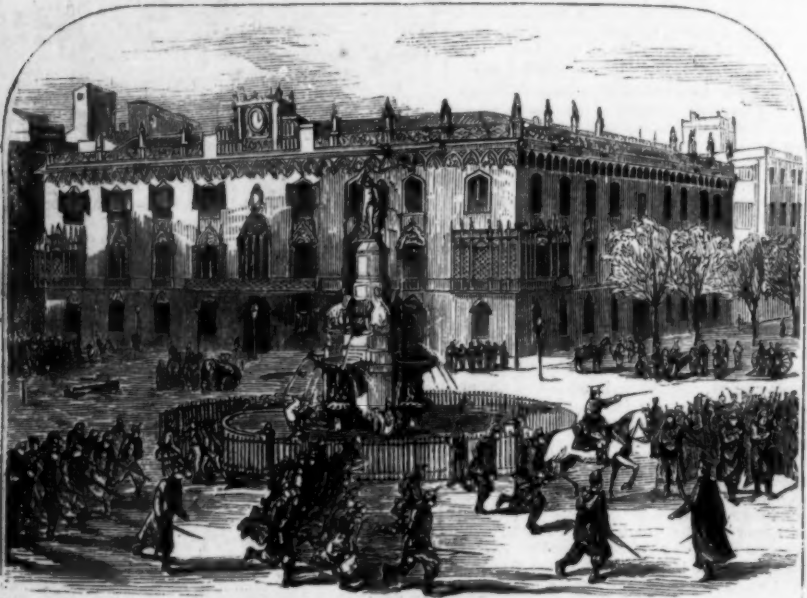
IRELAND.—A CABIN ON THE ESTATE OF LORD CASTLEMAINE, KILKENNY-WEST—HOW IRISH FARMERS LIVE.



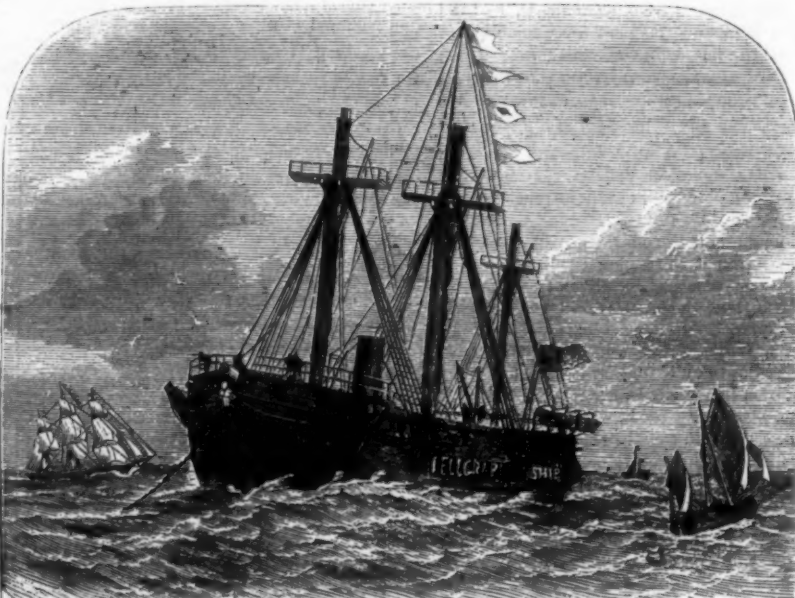
ENGLAND.—RELIGIOUS SERVICES FOR VOLUNTEERS, HELD IN THE DOME OF THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.



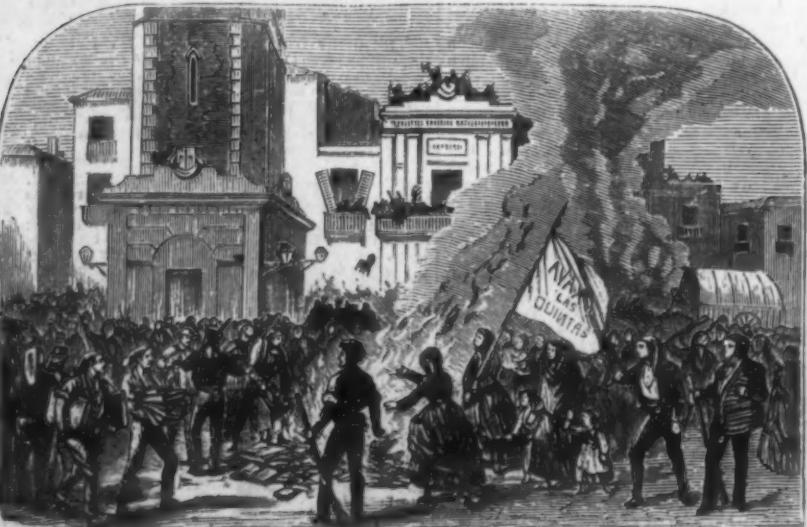
ENGLAND.—THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON—SCENE FROM THE SHAM BATTLE—THE DEFENSE OF OvingDEAN.



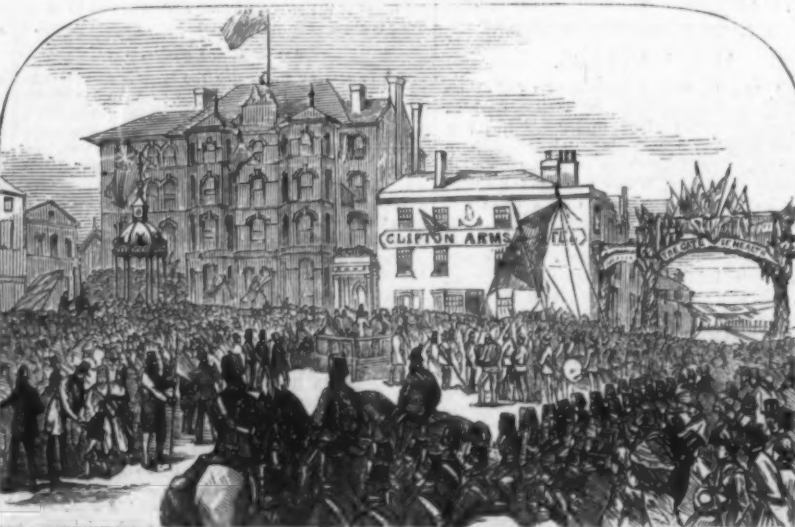
SPAIN.—THE TROOPS OF THE REGENCY CLEARING GOVERNMENT SQUARE, BARCELONA, OF THE "CONSCRIPTION RIOTERS."



ENGLAND.—THE "BRISK," TELEGRAPH SHIP, AT HER MOORINGS IN THE MOUTH OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.



SPAIN.—THE CONSCRIPTION RIOTS IN CATALONIA—THE INSURGENTS DESTROYING THE CIVIL RECORDS OF BARCELONA.



ENGLAND.—FORMAL OPENING OF A NEW CARRIAGE-WAY AND PROMENADE IN THE TOWN OF BLACKPOOL, LANCASHIRE.

HON. GEO. OPDYKE.

PROMINENT among the profound thinkers and writers on questions of Political Economy, at the present day (remarks the *New York Mercantile Journal*), stands George Opdyke. Possessing rare sagacity, intuitive perception combined with deep research, his name is a tower of strength among financial men. His influence in the councils of the nation, during the dark days of the war, though unknown to the masses, was powerfully exercised, and forms an important chapter in the unwritten history of the country.

Mr. Opdyke was born about the year 1807, at Kingwood, Hunterdon County, N. J. He commenced life as a farmer, and, having enjoyed a few winters' schooling, at the early age of sixteen assumed the rôle of teacher. Even in the discipline of his scholars, many of whom were older than himself, his able executive abilities were prominently indicated. Decisive, prompt and fearless in the discharge of his duties, in this, his first public undertaking, he was eminently successful. A few years later, he commenced trade in Cleveland, Ohio, when that now flourishing city was considered to be in the far West. Not long afterward we find him in New Orleans, engaged in the clothing trade. In 1832, he transferred his business to this city, where he has since remained a prominent and highly successful business man. His first appearance in the political arena, of which we have knowledge, was as a delegate to the Buffalo Convention, where he served on the committee that framed the Free Soil Platform.

In 1858, he was elected to the State Legislature, and took a very prominent part in opposing the corrupt schemes for plundering this city of valuable franchises. Three years later, he was elected Mayor of the city of New York.

In the discharge of his arduous duties during the term of his office, he distinguished himself as a man of extraordinary executive talent.

The suppression of the ever-memorable riot was due, in great part, to his prompt decision and energetic action during the dark days that intervened between the 13th and 17th of July, 1863. Those who desire to become familiar with the history of New York city during the eventful years 1862 and 1863, should not fail to read Mr. Opdyke's Mayoralty Documents, published in 1866, by Hurd & Houghton. They form a neat volume of nearly 400 pages, and contain matters of special interest.

Mr. Opdyke continued in the dry-goods trade until the beginning of the year 1867. His knowledge of the situation of national affairs led him to the correct conclusion that legitimate business, on the average, would for a term be unprofitable, and he therefore very wisely retired from an active participation in the trade wherein he had accumulated a handsome fortune. Having been appointed a delegate to the Convention for the Revision of the Con-

stitution of the State of New York, he gave the greater portion of his time to that important work during the year 1868.

Mr. Opdyke is a special partner in the extensive dry-goods house of W. I. Peake & Co., and also with the enterprising clothing firms of Henry & John Paret, and Carhart, Whitford & Co. He is a director in one of the largest banks of the city, president of an insurance company, and the senior member of the well-known, enterprising, and lighted banking firm of George Opdyke & Co., which was formed in the fall of 1868, and which has, on account of the wide reputation of Mr. Opdyke, rapidly grown into an immense business. The firm receive deposits from banks, bankers, and merchants throughout the country, against which drafts at sight are made, the same as if the

money were deposited in bank. The firm also do a large business in selling bonds for railway and other corporations. In the banking business, Mr. Opdyke has associated with him, as partners, his sons George Francis and Henry B. Opdyke, Mr. William A. Stevens, and Mr. Herman Blennerhasset, all of whom are active, able and highly esteemed. As a political economist, Mr. Opdyke deserves to stand in the first rank. He published an excellent treatise upon the subject of Political Economy, in 1851, and it is to be regretted that his innate modesty restrained him from putting it prominently before the public. It was unfortunate that the house, to whom he intrusted the publication of this interesting work, retired from active business soon after the issue of the first edition; and, for lack of proper appreciation, on the part

of Mr. Opdyke, of the merits of his own production, it was allowed to go out of print.

The ideas advanced in this work, relative to paper money, are remarkably clear and sound; and it is a matter of surprise to us that such a comprehensive view of the science of money, and especially paper money, should have been promulgated at that period, when the subject had not a tithe of the interest attached to it that it has at the present time. In the deservedly popular works of John Stuart Mill, Adam Smith, Henry C. Carey, and others, on Political Economy, the subject of money is treated in a manner that indicates, beyond question, complete subservency to prevailing prejudices relative to the real office work of money. Not so with Mr. Opdyke; he soars above prejudice, and brings his acute reasoning powers to bear upon the principles which govern finance and commerce.

It is a duty incumbent upon Mr. Opdyke to revise his work, under the light of the present, and to have it published at the earliest practical moment.

"PLAYING POSSUM."

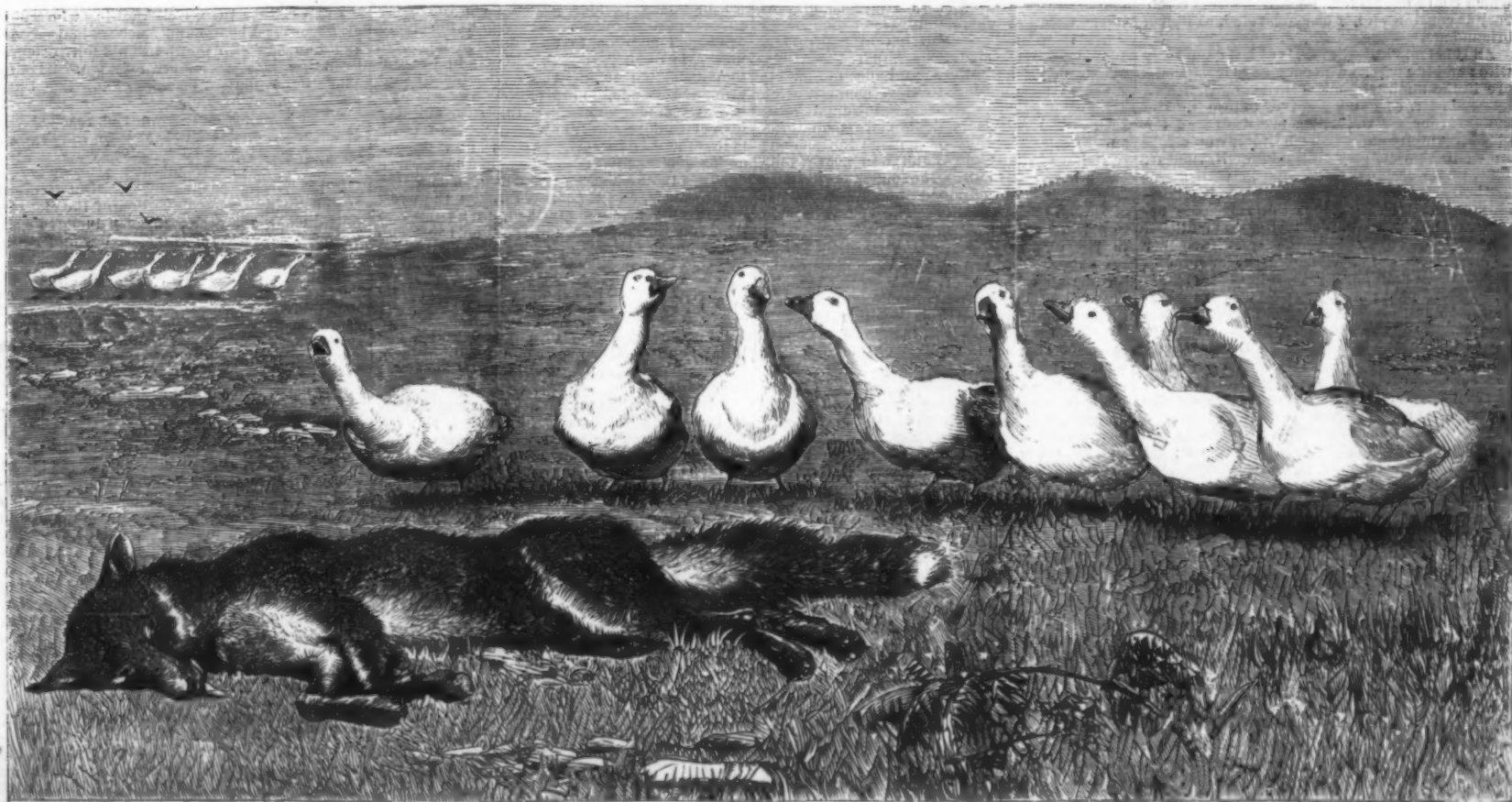
THE very clever drawing entitled "Playing Possum" is by Mr. B. Riviere, an English artist. Commenting on the sketch, the *Illustrated London News* says: "We doubt not that so shrewd an observer of animal character as the artist, here represents nothing more than is to be credited to the cunning of the fox and the equally proverbial foolishness of the goose. Monsieur Reynard has ventured from his hole in the cover to prow about the open common; and, although no source of danger is discernable along the wide horizon, he is cautious, for it is daylight, and geese have wings, if no brains; whilst the hunger which thins his flanks only serves to sharpen his wits; so he stretches himself at full-length, still as death, cunningly calculating that foolish curiosity will tempt the geese within easy reach. We see that he is not mistaken. As with all tribes of geese, human and feathered, one, bolder, though otherwise not sillier, leads the rest into the trap. And how capably the artist has caught the ludicrous aspect and gesture of these very foolish creatures—the fatuous importance of their waddle; their craning necks and prying airs, turning just one eye to inquire, and then trying for a new view, with heads perched to bring to bear the other eye! We presume that apple-sauce or stuffing does not enter into the vulpine bill of fare; therefore, nothing will be wanting to the rich and ample meal which Monsieur Reynard's sagacity has secured for him."

AN EXCITING RACE.

A VERY amusing incident happened a few weeks ago on the line of the Pacific Railroad, two or three hundred miles west of Omaha.



HON. GEORGE OPDYKE, EX-MAYOR CITY OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHURCHILL AND DENISON.



PLAYING POSSUM.—FROM A SKETCH BY B. RIVIERE, ENGLAND.

At daybreak, the locomotive, with its long train of carriages and freight cars, entered a narrow valley or gorge, where runs quite a rivulet of clear and cold mountain water. On the banks of this stream a large herd of red deer were standing, occasionally lapping the refreshing element. The timid creatures, startled by the presence in their midst of the "iron horse," knew not what course to pursue in order to get away from it. The engineer, to add to their evident perplexity, caused the whistle to send forth its loudest and most discordant shriek. This was enough for the deer. To get beyond reach of this new enemy, they started up the wood, taking the course the locomotive was pursuing. The race became exciting. It was a superb trial of steam and iron against muscle and lung. The engineer "put on steam," and sent his locomotive, with its burdensome train, whirling along the track; but for many miles—six or seven it was estimated—the frightened animals kept ahead, fairly beating their antagonist. At last the pursued and pursuer got into a more open country. This the deer perceiving, they sprang on one side, and, with unabated speed, ran to a safe distance, where, beyond reach of locomotive or rifle, they stood and gazed with dilated eyes—their limbs trembling from unusual exertion, and gasping for breath—at their fast-receding enemy.

NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love.

THE MONEY-ORDER SYSTEM.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

In former years, if a person wished to send a sum of money from one town to another, he had but three ways—equally clumsy and inconvenient—by which to do it: he might purchase a draft on some banking-house, at a rather extravagant rate of payment for the accommodation; he might forward the sum by express, with an annoyance of signing receipts, and a corresponding expense; or he might trust it to the tender mercies of the mail, with a chance—so certain that it almost ceased to be a chance at all—of never hearing from it again. Who does not remember some harassment, of more or less amount, from having had recourse to the last-named method—the precious letter carelessly consigned, the surprise at hearing no announcement of its arrival at destination, the vexatious waiting, the notification to post-office authorities, their inability to trace the matter, the final acquiescence in the loss, with a malediction on the incompetency of a system which could not protect its patrons from a robbery as constant, if not as aggravated, as Italian brigandage.

All this trouble, however, is at last done away with; and the person who chooses to trust treasure in the mail, without securing himself by a money-order, certainly deserves to lose it. The money-order system, which has destroyed the old uncertainty and irresponsibility, was established in this country on the 1st of November, 1864, and was immediately hailed with acclamation, and tried with satisfaction, as is abundantly shown by the quantity of patronage bestowed upon it during the first eight months of its existence; its transactions from November to the following July involving the amount of nearly three millions of dollars, in orders issued and orders paid; while, to exhibit its rapid increase in usefulness, it may be stated that the transactions of the system for the year 1869, in issues and payments, amounted to nearly fifty millions of dollars—an increase of over fifty per cent. on the year preceding—so immediate a multiplication of itself as far to exceed the hopes of its most sanguine initiators.

The post-offices with which the system was connected were at first comparatively few; but their use was so apparent, and the deficiency they well supplied so palpable, that the extension of their number could hardly keep pace with the wants of the people; so that now there is scarcely a place of the smallest consequence, from Maine to Mexico, where a money-order cannot be bought or paid; and the offices now in operation through the country number nearly fifteen hundred.

The workings of the system are everywhere beneficially felt, and it is seen by all to have filled a place that was waiting, as it were, for its coming, since it bore on its face the proof of its value. Its convenience is undeniably great, being adapted to the wants of all, but chiefly, as was intended, of those who may have occasion frequently to remit small sums; and it can hardly be urged that it interferes, at present, with the banking business to any considerable extent; for though its total

amount of transactions, taking place in the course of the year, is becoming something very considerable, yet no order can be issued for a greater amount than fifty dollars, and no more than three orders for this amount can be issued, payable at the same office, on the same day. Nevertheless, it must monopolize, to a large extent, the business of remitting money from California and the mines to the eastern part of the country—its convenience in this respect, as in most other cases, arising from its superiority over the terms offered by banking-houses, both in absolute safety and in cheapness. But the rule limiting the amount to fifty dollars, on any order issued, has proved a source of some embarrassment in certain sections where banks are few and far between, as the case is at present in many of the Southern and extreme Western States and Territories, so that several of the money-order offices in those parts have asked for the privilege of issuing orders to a much larger amount, in some cases even to that of a thousand dollars, grounding their request principally on the want of proper banking facilities. But if this privilege could be allowed to such offices, without complaint on the part of others, care would, of course, need to be taken that orders of any magnitude were issued on none but the large offices, which have so much money allowed them on deposit that they would be put to no inconvenience by the payment of large sums. That the system, also, in matter of convenience, though in a much smaller line, has proved itself to be of great service to publishers and their patrons, saving to both of them much trouble in regard to their subscriptions, every subscriber to paper or periodical is doubtless well aware.

The safety of the money-order system can hardly be questioned, being about as infallible as anything carried on by human hands can assume to be. Formerly, when one was so rash as to trust actual money in the mail-bags, that, on any day, in one of our large cities, may be seen, on their passage to the railway stations, tumbling off the carts, and being tossed on again by any kindly disposed passer-by, what foolhardy confidence was it that ever entertained strong certainty of hearing again from the inclosures! And scarcely better was it when the letter had been registered; for that, after all, was a sort of advertisement to thieves that that was the one to tear open. But under the present system no manner of risk is run, it being next to impossible that the wrong person should be paid the money—the proper and usual precaution being observed—even if by some means he should obtain possession of the order. And a fact, with which few may be acquainted, is, that if one loses or accidentally destroys his order, he can yet be paid the money, on procuring a duplicate from the superintendent of the system, at Washington—Dr. C. F. Macdonald, under whose auspices the whole Postal-Order Establishment was initiated, and has been brought to its present state of perfection—the owner of the order simply furnishing a statement, under oath, setting forth the loss or destruction of the original, with a certificate from the postmaster by whom it was payable, that it has not been and will not be paid, and also a certificate from the issuing postmaster, that it has not been and will not be repaid to the remitter.

Again, it is the least expensive method of remitting money, as is seen both from its great popularity and from the tariff of prices, which at present is ten cents for all orders under the amount of twenty dollars, fifteen cents for all between twenty and thirty, twenty cents for all between thirty and forty, and twenty-five cents for all between forty and fifty dollars. Thus we see that there could hardly be perfected a better system in combining so many advantages of safety, economy and convenience, the latter being perhaps chiefly to be found in the two former.

The money-order system has now also become an international one, by the selection of one large central office in either country of those entering upon the arrangement. As such, it went into operation in September, 1869, with Switzerland, one hundred and fifty offices being authorized to issue orders for sums to be remitted to that country. The amount of orders sent from the United States was, in currency, something more than three and a half thousands of money; the amount sent here from Switzerland was nearly four and a half thousands. The one hundred and fifty offices just mentioned are allowed to issue orders on the postmaster at New York, payable to persons in Switzerland, and are authorized to pay orders issued by that postmaster for sums remitted by the Post Office Department of Switzerland. None of these orders can be drawn by the postmaster in either country directly upon a postmaster in the other, but must be drawn upon the international exchange office of the country in which the order is issued. Orders must not exceed fifty dollars, and the fees are the same as those of the domestic orders; but, as the premium on gold is variable, the department does not undertake to pay, on behalf of the remitter, a determinate sum in gold in Switzerland; and all that it does, therefore, is to agree to cause payment to be made to the payee in Switzerland of the gold value, less the fees, of any international order issued for an amount in United States currency. It is rather pleasant that the first arrangement of this nature should be with a sister republic; but it is singular that, with our close relations to Great Britain, and the large and unceasing Irish emigration and remittances, nothing of the kind should have been successfully entered upon with her.

Few, perhaps, have any idea of the amount of business done, or of the number of orders handled at any one of our large offices. Take, for instance, the New York city office; there the number of orders issued will average weekly between four and five hundred, while the number paid will average between six and eight thousand. This disparity between the number issued and paid is reversed in the

case of the San Francisco office, there the number issued averaging many times the amount of the number paid. The reason of this inequality is easily seen when we consider the vast amount of money sent East from the Pacific coast; and in the case of the New York office is, of course, accounted for in the fact of its being the great emporium and market of the country. But San Francisco being the exception, it is found that the smaller offices everywhere generally issue more than they pay, while the reverse is the case with the larger ones, the same relation, meanwhile, holding good between the new and the old States as between the small and large offices.

The Money-Order Division at Washington, which has the control of the system throughout the entire land, belongs to the Treasury Department, but its superintendent is a member of the Postal Department, and its transactions are carried on in the splendid Post Office building, where the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury has his office, auditing there all the accounts of the general mail service. To this office all orders, paid, repaid, or damaged, are sent, together with the weekly statement of the business done in each office in this branch. These first go into the hands of those called examiners, who examine the statements, note the errors, see that all the orders are accounted for and sent in, and make inquiry for them if not. The statements then go to the deposit and transfer clerks, who, as each office is allowed to have only a certain sum on hand, see that all over that sum is remitted to the larger offices, called deposit offices, and that the offices receive and take account of the certificates of deposit and drafts. Many odd circumstances are discovered to have taken place by these clerks, few more amusing than that of the old postmistress who was found, very innocently, to have her deposit made in the cellar, where she considered it to be safer than in the place named in her directions. The registers also keep an account of the receipts and expenditures of each office in this business, balance at the end of each quarter, and make out a recapitulation of the whole, at the end of the year, which goes before Congress in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The orders, in the meantime, have been delivered to the assorters, who arrange those of each State into offices alphabetically, and those of each office numerically, and they are then carried, packed in boxes, to the checkers, who check them off on the statements; after which they are put away for future reference, as are also the statements, after having been pasted into large volumes, according to State and office.

Thus it may be seen that all the business through this department goes on with the utmost precision and exactness; and, being a constant check upon itself, no mistake, even of the slightest importance whatever, can pass unnoticed. What is to be done with all the old orders has not yet been decided upon; but probably the same fate awaits them that is shared by the old postal accounts, which, after being kept for two years, are destroyed or sold for waste paper.

It might seem, to those who overlooked the fees, that such a system could not be carried on without a great additional expense being incurred by the government; and it will, therefore, no doubt, be a relief to those, especially if in these times they are tax-payers, to learn that this great accommodation to the public swells their burdens in no wise, but, on the contrary, does its share in lightening them. For the system is much more than self-supporting, and the amount of revenue accruing to the government, from this source alone, during the last year, was more than sixty-five thousand dollars, exclusive, of course, of all expenses. In old times, this would have been a handsome yearly exhibit; and though now it is but trifling when compared with the enormous sums with which the government deals, still it is not to be thought lightly of, and is an earnest and promise of vastly greater profits from the same source in the future. Therefore, the more praise, in addition to that due for its other merits, is to be rendered, not only to the system itself, but to all who have advised and promoted its adoption in this country. And if the system does not quite fulfill the Milesian idea of sending a letter by telegraph, in no way is there more efficiently set before us the fluent action and reaction of interests in a great, free country, than when we pay our little sum at a branch office, and it courses through the veins of government, undiminished, to its destination, and the republic, for the time being, becomes our cash-box.

THE NUN'S STORY.

"I HAVE solemnly sworn before God never to take on myself the vows of a nun," I said, as I met my father's glance with one of equal determination.

"I would willingly have your renunciation of the world voluntary," he replied, slowly; "but, voluntary or not, it is the same. You enter St. Catharine's one week from to-day."

"Why do you wish to force this living death on me?"

"You know my reasons. The recent war has impoverished our house. Senor Davidieze, your sister's betrothed, is more than half inclined to recede from the contract. I cannot allow it. Politically, it is of the utmost importance that he should be my son-in-law; and that he would never be should I attempt to divide what I now possess between your sister and yourself. She must have all; and—"

"Then let her have all!" I cried, passionately, falling on my knees, and grasping his hands in mine. "Let her have all your wealth, but let me have liberty. In God's name, do not bury me while yet alive!"

He seemed moved.

"My child," he said, kindly, assisting me to rise, "you know not what you say. Is not the honorable celibacy of the convent preferable to

the forced celibacy of a dowryless maid? You shudder at the nun's black veil; think how you would endure the weary, unloving, unloved years of your life in the world. Think—"

"I need not pass my years unloving or unloved," I said.

"You are mistaken, my child. Your beauty and talents would never procure you a suitable husband in these troubled times. The war, which has impoverished us, has not allowed our neighbors to go free. Every family has suffered more or less, and, consequently, alliances will be very cautiously made."

"Might I not find a husband out of Brazil?" I asked.

"Madalen, your words have more meaning than they seem to convey. Explain."

"I mean this: Knowing that my sister Isabella is to be your sole heiress, Don Pedro de Castro has again asked me to be his wife."

A look of rage and hate swept across my father's face.

"Have you dared to renew your acquaintance with that man?"

"I never renewed my acquaintance with him; it was never broken off. I became his betrothed bride with your full knowledge and consent. You afterward saw fit, without the slightest reference to me, to tell De Castro that the marriage could not take place. You—"

"Do you know why I did so?"

"Yes; he was an enemy of Brazil. But as he is not a Brazilian, there was nothing dishonorable in that. He took sides with his own country in the late war; surely you would not have him do otherwise, even for your daughter's hand?"

"I did not break the contract because De Castro fought for his own Government in the late war. He would have been a traitor had he not done so. I considered him unworthy of my daughter's hand because, under cover of my hospitality, I discovered that he was a most dangerous and successful spy on our Government. His services have been richly rewarded. And now, having all the gold he could desire, he would gratify his passion and wipe out the stain on his name by allying himself with our house."

"I shall never believe one word to the discredit of Pedro de Castro," I said. "He has explained that matter to me, and I am satisfied of his innocence."

My father made a step toward me; then checking himself:

"Until you are within the walls of the convent I shall not think the honor of my house safe," he said. "I would have given you a week to prepare for your new home, but you are unworthy of confidence. To-morrow at daybreak you shall be conducted thither."

He turned and left the room.

"Look to your honor after I am within the convent walls!" I muttered, stung to madness by the hopelessness of the fate he would force upon me.

A wild hope had darted through my brain. There was one desperate chance of escape, and I would embrace it.

In the gray dawn of the next morning I stood equipped for my journey. Evidently my father was not prepared for my strange calmness; but he made no comments. My sister was from home, so there could be no leaving-taking; but as I passed through the garden I collected a few flowers.

A carriage stood at the gate. I stepped in, followed by my father. The door was closed, the horses started, and my childhood's home disappeared forever.

Half an hour's rapid driving brought us within hearing of a tiny rivulet. Now was my opportunity. Complaining of thirst, my father ordered the driver to turn his horse's head toward the stream. My father alighted, and as he stooped to dip up a cup of the sparkling water, I threw the almond blossoms which I carried beneath an old tree overhanging the brook.

I was calmer then, well knowing who would visit that tryst before another hour had passed, and knowing also that he would fully comprehend the meaning of my message. Reading hope in the flowers, he would know that I had not yet renounced him.

When evening closed we had reached our destination. An irresistible shudder ran through my frame as I entered its gloomy portals, but otherwise I seemed to quietly accept my fate.

Three weeks passed away. Outwardly I complied with every regulation of the cloister. But when night came, and the inmates were wrapped in peaceful slumber, I would arise, and, standing by the casements, listen, with every nerve on the alert, for any passing sound. There I would stand till early dawn assured me that at least another day must pass before I heard from him.

But hope never forsook me. Knowing the slight esteem in which De Castro held the religious orders, and fully convinced that he possessed both the head and heart to plan and successfully carry out a scheme for my release, I felt that my detention was only a matter of time.

One evening, at the beginning of the fourth week, I had taken up my usual vigil. Overcome by excitement and fatigue, I closed my eyes for a moment's rest. Suddenly the bell in the chapel belfry tolled two, and at the same instant an arrow came whizzing through the air and fell at my feet. I caught it up. A paper was attached, but in the pitchy darkness of my cell I could not even distinguish its color. It was impossible to read the note that night, so, pressing it to my lips and heart, I lay down and tried to sleep.

In the first dawn of morning I read the longed-for missive. It ran:

"During the illness of the lay-sister Angela, an old woman from the village has been employed in the kitchen. She is in my pay, and has informed me where your cell is. When the nuns walk in the garden this evening, you must make some excuse for remaining behind. In

the little arbor to the left of the fountain you will find the old woman's hood and cloak. Put them on, and pass boldly through the side gate. The portress is half blind, and will never detect the impostion."

I scarce know how the day passed. I wonder now they did not see the joy in my heart—joy that it was so difficult to banish from my face.

Evening came, however, and the unsuspecting nuns trooped out for their one hour's freedom in the garden.

I framed some pretext for not accompanying them; but, as the last one disappeared in the winding of the walk, I slipped out, and, with a heart throbbing almost to suffocation, hastened to the arbor.

I was soon ready. A large, old-fashioned hood, and a well-worn brown cloak completely disguised me. In an instant I was at the gate.

"Ah, that is my work, Mother Superior," laughed the old portress, as in my frantic haste I attempted to turn the huge key. I drew back, dreading to speak, lest my voice should betray me.

She had half turned the key, when, suddenly pausing in her work and turning her head, "You are not offended, I hope, mother," she said. "You see the abbess has given me this work to perform, and I should be remiss in my duty did I allow another to do it for me; you see, we all have duties to perform," she continued, now resting her hand on the massive lock, and looking fixedly at the ground. "Yes, we all have duties to perform; some are pleasant, and some are not quite so pleasant. Now, mine are pleasant; but, if the abbess had ordered me to be seamstress for the household, that would not be so pleasant. And the reason is, because I cannot see so well as I once could. My eyes are not so good; but, Mother Superior, you should see that new novice! I have not seen her myself, yet, on account of my eyes—"

Would she never stop! I was almost beside myself with fear. Already I could hear the nuns' voices as they approached the gate. Their eyes would not be slow to discover the disguise which had deceived the garrulous old portress. A shudder ran through my frame; my limbs trembled beneath me; I dared not speak; to push past the portress, and myself try to open the gate, would have been madness, with the nuns so near. A deadly faintness was grasping my heart, when she suddenly threw open the door. The voices of the nuns had met her ears, too, and fearing to be discovered in gossip, she had turned the key, and almost pushed me through the opening.

As the iron gate clanged behind me, a hand touched mine, and I was drawn beneath the shadow of a huge tree, growing close to the convent walls. Another disguise was assumed. Further on, a close carriage was in waiting; we entered, and were driven rapidly away. My lover was showering kisses on my lips, but my strength had given way; I was senseless in his arms.

For forty-eight hours we kept on our way, only stopping at some out-of-the-way inn to change horses, make some alterations in our dress, and take a few mouthfuls of food.

At the close of the second day we neared Rio. An English ship was just ready to sail, in which we took passage. De Castro had so completely arranged his plans, that scarcely a moment was lost.

We were on the open sea, starting toward England and safety.

On the vessel we were known as Louis Lopez and wife; but, on arriving in England, another name was assumed.

I was very happy; and yet I was not De Castro's wife. A marriage by a priest of my own religion was, I knew, impossible, and I had not worldly wisdom enough to know that one by a heretic would have secured my honor.

A year passed by. A child came; and then my cup of happiness seemed full to overflowing. But, alas! I soon discovered that De Castro viewed its advent with other feelings. I thought too much of the child; it took up a great part of my time and attention; I could not, as heretofore, devote myself exclusively to him. Finally, he induced me to send it away to be nursed. It seemed to rend my heart, almost, to part with the little innocent, but he demanded the sacrifice, and I could not hesitate.

The cloud that had threatened our domestic horizon vanished. Again he was the ardent lover, never tiring of my society, never wearying in his thoughtful and delicate attentions.

We visited every place of note on the continent. Our means were ample; we spent freely, and our days passed happily along.

Almost another year went by before any change came; but when it did come, the awakening was fearful.

It had wrung my heart-strings to part with my child; and when, six months later, they told me that the little forsaken thing was dead, my grief was too great for tears. I had yet to learn that for me there was a still greater misery in store.

I knew that De Castro no longer loved me. In vain I tried, by every womanly art, to win back his heart. In vain I wearied my brain devising new toilets, practicing new music, and reading his favorite authors. He had ceased to love me. My heart had told me all, long before his cruel words came.

We were at Baden. The shadows of evening were falling over the earth, and I, alone in my room, had allowed my thoughts to go back to my dead child. Tears were in my eyes, but I brushed them away as De Castro approached. "I am sorry the child is dead," he said, abruptly, taking an opposite seat.

My lips trembled, but I could not trust myself to speak.

"Yes, I am really sorry," he continued, after a pause. "She would have been so much company for you when I am gone."

"Gone whence?" I asked, with a fearful foreboding at my heart.

"It is necessary that I should return to South America. My affairs have become very much complicated, and need my personal supervision."

"But you know I cannot return to South America."

"Precisely. That is why I regret the child. She would have comforted you."

"How long will you be gone?"

He laughed.

"I really cannot say when I shall return."

"Is our separation to be final?"

"Come, Madalen, don't be silly about the matter. For two years past I have been the most devoted of cavaliers. That was a greater stretch of fidelity than you had any reason to expect; and—"

"Was not our union for life?" I asked, in dread amazement. That I might lose his heart was possible, but I had never for a moment thought that I might lose his protection also.

"A union for life with a recreant nun!" he laughed, while a look of contempt overspread his handsome face.

"It was for your sake that I became a recreant nun."

"Of course; that is what they all say. But you, Madalen, have nothing to complain of, even on that score. If you left the convent for me, I have given you two years of pleasure in return. Your mother's legacy will maintain you in retirement; or, if you prefer it, you can return to the convent, happy in having escaped two years of its gloom."

I pressed my hand wearily across my eyes. It was incredible that Pedro de Castro was addressing such language to me; and yet, there was no jesting in his face or voice.

"A rumor has reached me," I said, after a pause, "that you are an admirer of Mademoiselle D—, the heiress. Is it so?"

"Yes. In one month she will be my bride, and accompany me to America."

"You dare not commit this outrage!" I cried, starting to my feet, and frantic with grief and shame. "You dare not commit this outrage! I am as much your wife as if the priest had pronounced his benediction over us. I—"

"Return to the convent, Madalen," he said, as he turned to leave the room.

At that instant an opposite door was thrown open, and, turning my head, my father stood before me. He was old and haggard. The two years might have been ten, so changed was he from the man whom I remembered.

"I have sought you long," he said, facing De Castro, "for your agents put me on the wrong track. But—"

"Avenge me!" I cried, fiercely; "avenge me on my seducer! He tore me from the convent, made me his mistress, and now casts me off for a wealthy bride!"

I saw my father's arm go up, heard the click of pistols, then two loud reports rang through the room, and two dead men, each murdered by the other, lay at my feet.

THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK, OWNED BY THE LELAND BROTHERS.

THE summer season, at our fashionable watering-places, promises this year to be of unusual brilliancy. During the winter, workmen were employed upon all the principal buildings, enlarging, refitting and otherwise adding to the accommodation offered the traveling public. The attractions of Long Branch have been very materially increased; while at Saratoga the recent discoveries of the "Geyser" and "Crystal" springs—waters differing widely from all others at that resort—will add much to the many charms of the place.

Saratoga will be pre-eminently the resort of the elite this summer. And for those who are already familiar with its public buildings, mansions and elegant drives, there is an agreeable surprise awaiting.

The new Union Hotel, owned by those princes in the business, the Leland Brothers, which will be thrown open to the public on the first of next month, is, without doubt, the largest, best located, and most richly decorated building of its kind in the world. In fact, the very name of its famous owners is a guarantee that, in the points of accommodation and general management, it will be all that the most fastidious pleasure-seekers could desire. The old building has been so completely remodeled that it would hardly be recognized by the patrons of last year.

The hotel covers the entire block facing Congress Spring Park, and bounded by Broadway, Congress, Federal and Washington streets. The building is of brick, is five stories high, and is surmounted by a Mansard roof of slate. Towers at each end, seven stories in height, add greatly to the imposing appearance of the hotel, and from the upper stories a splendid view can be had of the village and the surrounding country. The main front is four hundred and fifty feet in length, and the immense size of the building can be imagined, when one remembers that the Metropolitan, on Broadway, which has one of the finest fronts of any hotel in the city, is but three hundred feet in length, or one hundred and fifty less than this great Saratoga palace.

An iron balcony, cast in sections, at the West Point Foundry, twenty-four feet wide, three hundred feet long, and three stories high, of a light, airy, and graceful pattern, is placed along the front, and adds greatly to the imposing appearance of the building, as well as to the comfort of the guests on warm summer afternoons. Clusters of light will appear between the pillars throughout the entire length in the evening, giving an effect little short of fairy-land. The grand entrance in the centre of the building, and the portico, will excel, in beauty of design and grandeur, anything in the country. The hallway, seventy feet by sixteen, leading to the grand staircase, is tessellated with variegated marbles, while the wainscoting presents a shin-

ing surface of the same costly material. The grand stairway is very wide and spacious, the woods used in its construction being the finest oak and black walnut.

The great dining-room of the hotel is two hundred feet by sixty, with ceilings twenty feet high. The tables are what are termed family tables, seating four, six, and eight, and the accommodations are ample for one thousand diners at a time. There are seven hundred rooms altogether in the building, and these, with the detached cottages in the court-yard, which will accommodate from one to two families each, give room for fully fifteen hundred guests.

The general reception-room is one of the most magnificent in the world, and cost \$10,000 to furnish; and, for the grand parlor, \$15,000 have been expended in the decoration. The dining-room is of equal grandeur, and the kitchen and appurtenances are on the same princely scale. Twelve carvers have been engaged to do the needful for the myriad guests, and two hundred waiters will attend their orders. To insure the finest possible fare, Warren Leland has engaged a corps of trout-fishers, and twelve experienced hunters, so that game and fish will always be at the service of the guests.

Standing near the office, and looking up into the rotunda, the guests can see to the top of the building through seven stories. Promenading in the balconies which encircle the rotunda, they can look down and see the new arrivals, and in the evening, with the dazzling lights, story above story, the beautiful toilets of the ladies and the elegant frescoes, the scene will be beautiful beyond description.

Passing to the left of the office, through thirty Corinthian columns, over marble-tiled floors, four elegant reception-rooms are reached. These are directly opposite the grand staircase and the vertical railway. The latter is the invention of Leonard Atwood, of New York, and is the largest in the country, the cars being twelve by ten feet, and move upward and downward without the slightest noise or any of that jerking motion so often felt in vertical railways, and which is so sickening to some people.

Further along the hall is the ladies' parlor, a clear room, one hundred feet by fifty, and most elegantly furnished. French windows open from it to the balcony on one side, and to the court-yard on the other. Each of the panels contain immense mirrors, and the belles of fashion will have ample opportunities to view the full effect of their elaborate toilets, and see them repeated in a hundred different directions.

Under the hotel there are thirty stores. Descending the grand stairway in the building a spacious corridor is reached, two hundred feet by eighteen, which runs directly past the rear of the stores, and forms a sort of convenient street or avenue for shopping in rainy weather, besides a cool and pleasant place for promenading.

Communication is had with all the rooms in the hotel by the aid of electricity, and the very latest improvements in all departments have been introduced, making the establishment a model of its kind.

The rows of fine shade-trees in the court yard of this hotel, illuminated at night by numerous lamps, and trembling to the vibrations of a fine band, which plays every morning and evening throughout the season, are a feature peculiar to the Union.

The beautiful grounds have been rearranged so exquisitely, that if any blushing maiden can allure her bashful lover into the walks, he will be compelled to make an offer before he leaves them. The ball-room has also been redecorated in the most sumptuous manner, and, indeed, nothing has been spared to make the Union Hotel a miniature paradise.

The Leland Brothers expect that Eugenie, Empress of the French, will arrive at their hotel about the middle of June, and have made special arrangements for the reception of Her Imperial Majesty.

A series of the most recherche entertainments during the season is promised, and the proprietors are not gentlemen to slip their words.

A large number of the pretty little cottages erected on the Union grounds have been rented by some of the most prominent persons in the country.

Besides the attractions peculiar to the place, the races, for which there will be two full meetings of six days each, will be a feature that will be highly appreciated by the public.

Fashion has already passed her approval of this beautiful resort, and thither her faithful votaries will flock.

The principal architect was Mr. Wm. S. Beer. The furniture is from the house of Warren, Ward & Co., the bedding from Wright Pomeroy's, and the carpets, linen, upholstery, etc., from A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York.

AUSTRALIAN FLOWERS.—The native sore has the color, but no other resemblance, to the European queen of flowers. It is one of the few field flowers possessing any odor. Wafted on the passing gale, it commends itself pleasantly to the senses; but strange enough, on closer acquaintance, there mingles with the rich perfume an undoubted smell of fox—a scent which, however productive of rapture in "the field," is hardly adapted to the boudoir. In the low lands of the Botany scrub, there is a crimson and orange flower, like the foxglove in form, very handsome, but so hard and horny in texture that the blossoms actually ring with a clear, metallic sound as the breeze shakes them. It might be the fairies' dinner-bell, calling them to dew and ambrosia! But, alas! there are no "good people" in Australia. No one ever heard of a ghost, a bogie or a "fetch" there.

THE French dramatist Casimir Delavigne had so extraordinary a memory that it was his custom to finish the composition of a play before writing a word of it. The first act of *Louis the Eleventh*—by which play, from the admirable acting of the late Mr. Charles Kean, he is best known in England—was composed, but not written before starting on a voyage to Italy. While away, Talma, who was to have represented the king, died, and the intention of completing the drama was for a time abandoned. When, some years afterward, he again turned his attention to it, he was able to recall to his memory the first act as originally composed, and which had remained so long dormant in his brain.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

EMILE OLLIVIER's salary is \$78,000 a year.

THE Stanton Memorial Fund amounts to \$147,990.

OLD General Von Moltke, the great Prussian soldier, is nearly blind.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has finished the first volume of the life of Charlemagne.

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, of Spain, is busily engaged in writing her autobiography.

MR. JOHN BURKE, well known in society as the best whist player in London, is dead.

MR. MOTLEY is a frequent and attentive listener to the debates in the House of Commons.

ROCHEFORT receives, in prison, every day, upward of fifty bouquets from Democratic ladies.

THE learned Dr. Curtis is to be appointed director-in-chief of the royal museums in North Germany.

THE King of Prussia has, at the garden at Babelsberg, fifty white mice, which he often watches for hours.

GENERAL LONGSTREET participated in the colored peoples' Fifteenth Amendment celebration in New Orleans.

JENNY LIND is so embarrassed in her pecuniary affairs that she thinks of opening a singing school in Paris.

ADMIRAL DAVIS is once more to take charge of the Observatory at Washington, to supersede Commodore Sands.

AT Vienna a young prince is studying assiduously for the stage, after having renounced his title and military rank.

M. MAURICE RICARD, the French Minister of Fine Arts, has just married Mlle. Aubenot, a great heiress, aged twenty-five.

THE EMPRESS of Austria, who is now in Rome, preserves a strict incognito, under the name of the Countess de Hohenems.

J. M. MARSHALL, the man who discovered gold in California, is trying to rescue himself from poverty by telling the story in a lecture.

PRESIDENT FINNEY, of Oberlin, now seventy-seven years old, preaches twice each Sunday, and with the same power as in his younger days.

CAPTAIN CHARLES ROBBINS has been master of the Boston House of Correction for forty-six years, and has just been elected for the forty-seventh.

AN English manager has offered Victor Hugo \$100,000 to lecture one year in the principal cities of Europe, which he will probably accept.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, the elder, is suffering from paralysis of the right hand—"the hand with which," he observes, "he has so largely sinned!"

DR. PICK, the well-known lecturer on memory, has been honored by the Emperor of Austria with the knighthood of the Order of Francis Joseph.

ROBERT, son of Robert Morris, a colored lawyer of Boston, has graduated from the Imperial College of France, and entered the Middle Temple, London.

BEN FLEMING, the last of Perry's heroes of Lake Erie, ninety-two years of age, is begging in the streets of Erie, Pa., almost ready to die a pauper in the land he defended.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, while visiting Paris lately, took a seat in the Senate, and received much attention from the French legislators. He also dined with Napoleon at the Tuilleries.

DR. UNGER, one of the first botanists in Germany, was found, a few days ago, dead in his bed at Graz, Austria. An examination of the body showed that he had been strangled.

MR. CHARLES WELLS, an eminent Oriental scholar, has been appointed by the Turkish Government to the post of Professor of English in the Imperial Naval College at Constantinople.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON declines to permit the use of her name for re-election to the presidency of the Woman's Suffrage Association. She retires after twenty years' official service.

ALI PASHA MONBAREK, the Minister of the Khedive of Egypt, has purchased thirty thousand volumes in London and Paris, to found a public library at Cairo, the only one of the kind in Egypt.

THE Empress's new prize, of the French Geographical Society, of 10,000 francs, has been given to M. de Lesseps, who has devoted the sum to the society's projected expedition into Equatorial Africa.

SUPERINTENDENT JOURDAN has stationed officers at the doors of gambling houses, to warn persons of the character of the places; and the basement cheap jewelers have, for a like cause, been obliged to go to other fields.

BISMARCK threatens the North German Roman Catholic Bishops with suspension, and the Holy See with the withdrawal of the Prussian Minister from Rome, in the event of the adoption of the infallibility doctrine.

GOVERNOR ASHLEY has published a long card in a Montana paper denying that he sought to use suborned testimony to convict Andrew Johnson, or that he had anything to do with the trial and execution of Mrs. Surratt.

THE Emperor of Russia intends to bestow on Mme. Ollivier the Order of St. Catherine, as an evidence of his respect. Her new fashion of high-neck dresses, in opposition to low necks, incited him to this token of regard.

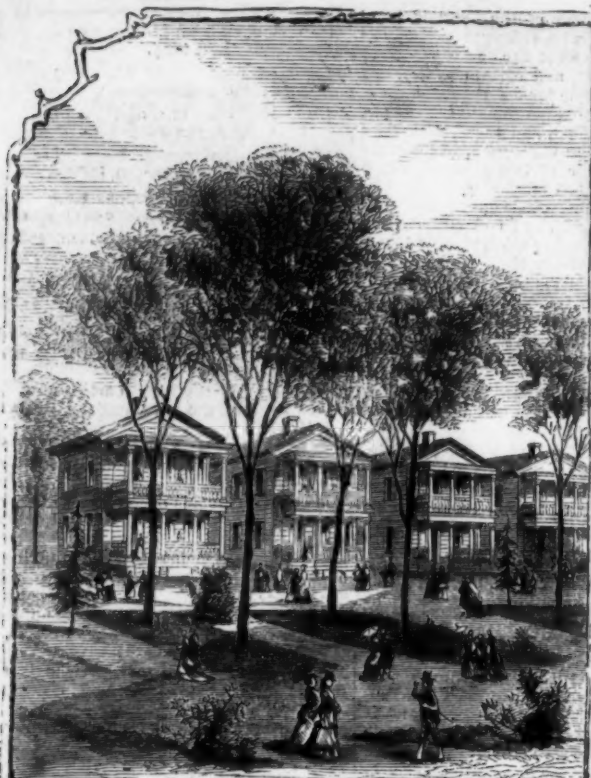
KING WILLIAM of Prussia looks likely to live a hundred years, and spends most of his time out of doors. The old gentleman wears the copper-pointed helmet as jauntily as if he were a real swash-buckler, and looks quite soldierly in uniform.

THE subscriptions to the Faraday memorial have reached £1,400. A monument, it is said, is to be erected in the British Museum. This is all the present generation of Englishmen seem inclined to do to perpetuate the memory of the greatest philosopher of their time.

DR. HENRY MAGRUDER and Miss Kate Magruder, son and daughter of the Confederate general of that name, have been residing in Italy for several years. Both are devoted to art, and have produced quite a number of fine oil paintings, which have lately arrived at New Orleans.

MR. BROWNE, of the Chinese Embassy, has announced that they do not intend to conclude a treaty with Prussia. The "Norddeutsche Zeitung," in confirming this, says that, as the embassy attribute their success mainly to their late chief, they will not name another in his place, and will discontinue their negotiations.

TO COMMEMORATE the Empress's tour, a religious and charitable asylum will rise on the ground she had the Sultan's authorization to purchase in the environs of Jerusalem. The Sultan has presented to the Catholic Armenian Church the rich hangings, carpets, throne, and precious vessels sent by him on the occasion of the grand mass celebrated there in the Empress's honor.



EMPERESS
EUGENIE COTTAGES
AND
HOTEL GROUNDS.



VIEW OF CONGRESS SPRING PARK
FROM THE
FRONT PIAZZA



STAIRCASE
AND
VERTICAL RAILWAY.



DINING HALL.

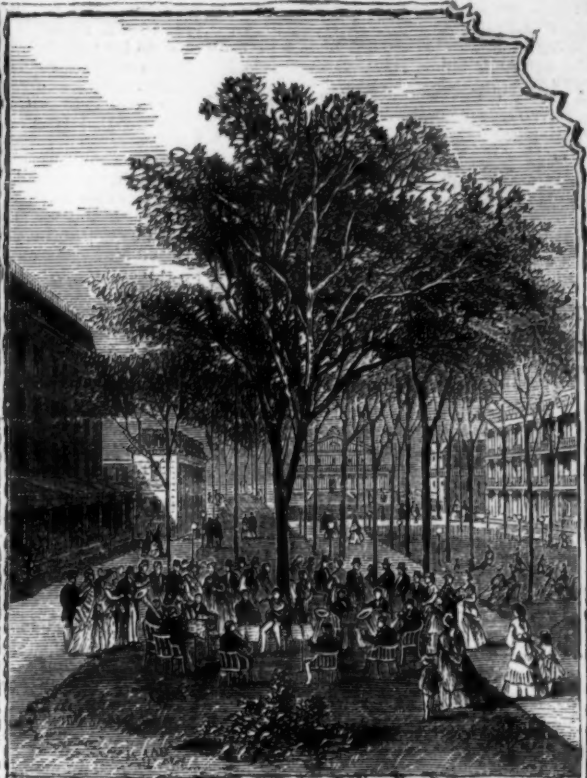


BERGHAUS DEL.

UNION HOTEL



GENERAL OFFICE



HOTEL GROUNDS
CONCERT HALL AND COTTAGES -



HOTEL SARATOGA.



BALL ROOM.



DRAWING ROOM.

ETERNITY FOR ALL.

I READ of battles with their thousands slain,
Of plagues that buried myriads side by side,
Of savage hordes that seem'd to live in vain,
And, unregretted, died.

And through the histories—sacred and profane—
What hecatombs of unknown dead I see,
And marvel if at death they rose again,
And if all these still be!

That Shakespeare lives, we easily believe—
The wonder were that such could ever die,
But those unthinking swarms! who can conceive
How they should live, or why?

Why not? If here life's lowly ends they serve,
May there not be, hereafter, lowly ends?
The ruder mission for the ruder nerve:
One makes—one only mends.

Their numbers shake us!—Though the stars had been,
Like earth, each one the cradle of a race,
And all immortal, there were room within
The eternal dwelling-place.

For, infinite as space, and in its needs
As various as creation, it demands
All modes of being, intellect and creeds,
Outnumbering the sands.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART II.—THE FRENCH COUNTESS.

CHAPTER IX.—A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK—BAD MEN OUGHT TO BE KILLED—THE UNCLE—MONSIEUR, MON PÈRE—DEAD OR DYING—CLAIMING PAYMENT FOR A DEBT—DANGER CANCELS OBLIGATION—THE COURT-MASQUE.

UPON the same morning as that on which the French gentleman had visited the Prince Dolgorouki, Ismalla, who, with Mallowitz, had returned to St. Petersburg with the retinue of servants who had accompanied the husband of their niece, upon his second visit to that city, had been closeted with her mistress. She had been telling her, that Mallowitz had encountered the son of the Boyard, upon the evening of the reception at the Austrian Ambassador's. The tale had been decorated with that profusion of Oriental expletive which is so common with the serf. It may be remembered that education had not rubbed her Russ style of language and thought, nearly as much, out of the wife of the ex-Starost of Yerkowa, as it had done from himself.

"He was sure of it—Ismalla!"
"As sure as he might be that the sun sets and rises—mistress! As sure as he is that the Blessed Mother of Jesus has made you a countess, and helped him out of the way of the knout. As sure as—"

"Hush! Ismalla—go and fetch him."

As her aunt rose from the stool on which she had been sitting, crossed the apartment, opened the door, and went out, little Henri, who had been playing upon the floor with a cut and painted wooden regiment of soldiers—such playthings were not a novelty, even in those days—scrambled up and came toward her.

"Madame—my mother!" he said—"who is Monsieur Dimitry?"

"Why do you ask—Henri?"
"Because your lips were white, when Aunt Ismalla spoke of him."

They had been so, although Fiodorowna had betrayed no other sign of emotion. After the astonishment which had been so coupled with dread, when she believed she had seen him two nights since, she had determined in future to repress it. Nevertheless, she had been unable to do so completely.

After a pause, she replied—"Paul Dimitry is a bad man—Henri!"

"A very bad man?"

"Yes! my child—a very bad man."
"And you—madame, *ma mère*! are afraid of him?"

"Perhaps I am"—she replied, thoughtfully.
"When I am grown up, I will kill him."

"Why—Henri?"
"He is a very bad man, and you, my mother, are a good woman. He frightens you. Bad men ought to be killed."

This was undoubtedly a curt although unphilosophic method of settling the matter, yet it brought a dimpling smile to the cheek of the countess. She was about, however, to have argued the matter with her boy, when Mallowitz entered the chamber. Her knowledge of her uncle's nature might have told her, that something of an unpleasant character had been working in his mind. His compressed brow, ridged into knots of flesh—his lowering glance—his tightly shut hands—all betrayed the presence of a dominant and active uneasiness, which she was unable to account for. It should be remembered that neither he nor Ismalla had told Fiodorowna or her present master of that which had passed between himself and Paul Dimitry in the cottage occupied by him on the Chateaupers estate. It was, certainly, not for fear of their niece. But the discretion of Mallowitz, as well as that of his wife, amounted to cunning. It ordinarily does so with the greater portion of his countrymen. They were unaware, in what light Monsieur de Chateaupers might be inclined to regard the violence which had characterized the proceeding of Mallowitz upon this occasion.

It was true that the lash no longer figured in the background of their existence. They could walk through life, without fearing to feel or hear the snapping crack of the terrible thong.

But they could not rid themselves of the feeling that they were physically responsible to their owner.

Even Mallowitz, who—as has been already seen—had well-nigh thoroughly adapted himself to his new existence, felt that his present lot had only replaced their former master. Knowing that he was a gentler one, he was unable entirely to realize the difference between him and that Ivan Dimitry who was soon to be no longer the Boyard.

He did not seat himself as Ismalla had done, although, the stool on which she had been sitting was still in front of his niece. But it was in an easy and unembarrassed attitude that he stood before her, although his countenance betrayed his moody uneasiness, visibly.

"What is this—uncle!" she asked—"that Ismalla has told me?"

"I do not yet know—Fiodorowna! what the 'mother' has said."

"She tells me that you have seen Paul Dimitry."

"I have."

"When—uncle?"

"Two nights, since."

"Where?"

"First, in the shadow on the right of the torchlight from the gateway of the palace where the Prince Leichenstein now dwells."

"I was right"—murmured Fiodorowna.

"Afterwards, I followed him."

"You followed him?"

"Yes!"

"And why—Mallowitz?"

"For a good reason."

"And why have you now told me this?"

"Because I thought that you and the master should know it."

"Why not sooner?"

"I had not made up my mind, Fiodorowna! whether it might be necessary."

After some minutes, the countess saw that the ex-Starost had not moved or betrayed any impatience. She knew that he had more to tell.

"Uncle, you have not yet said all that you have to say."

"My niece, I have not."

"Go on—then. I am listening."

"There were two of them—a serf of the Boyard's whom I had never seen. He was standing by the traveling-droschky of Sapichy Dolgorouki."

"The traveling-droschky?"

"It was ready for a journey."

"Where to?"

"Wait—Fiodorowna! and you shall hear. Podatchky and two of Sapichy's serfs were there also. None of them said a word. At last Sapichy and Catharine Dolgorouki came from the palace. The countess, as yet, knew nothing. The reason for their departure was explained to her. I had been standing on the opposite side of the broad line of light from the gateway, and could hear only her last words. She promised money for every hour saved on the road to Berenzoff."

"Why?"

"Wait"—he again repeated—"and you shall hear. No sooner had the droschky rolled off, than Paul Dimitry spoke to the man whom I did not know. After a brief space, they walked away in the direction of the Neva. I followed them."

"Are you sure that Paul Dimitry went there?" suddenly inquired the boy, Henri, who had been listening intently.

"He did—monseigneur!"

"And you did not kill him?"

"No!"

As he answered the child, the brow of Mallowitz darkened. Possibly, a momentary regret troubled him that he had not done so. None would have known or seen it, save the serf who accompanied Paul. Supposing that this man, in the darkness, should have recognized whose hand it was, the ex-Starost knew that he might have run the risk of his treachery with tolerable security.

"I am glad of it—Uncle Mallowitz!" said the boy.

"Why?"

"I mean, as soon as I am big enough, to kill him myself."

The Russian looked straight at the flashing eyes of the child admiringly. In those days, the moral pitch of humanity differed from our own. But the mother turned to him, and sharply bade him—"Be silent." As the boy crept up to her, and placed his round arms caressingly upon her lap, the uncle of Fiodorowna continued.

"When they had reached the bank of the river, I was enabled to get nearer them. It was dark, and I crouched down behind the worn and broken hull of an old boat, whose wooden ribs were standing there."

Scarcely had he got thus far, than a clean, ringing tread was heard in the hall. It mounted the staircase.

"It is Monsieur, *mon père*," cried the child.

Raising his head from his parent's robe, he ran toward the door.

It opened ere he had reached it, and Monsieur de Chateaupers appeared upon the threshold of the chamber.

Catching up the sturdy brat in his arms, and lifting him to his own level, he pressed a paternal kiss upon his cheek. Then he gazed inquiringly from the now flushed face of his lady, who had risen and come toward him, to the sombre countenance of the ex-Starost, and the troubled lines of Ismalla's face.

"What is the matter—*Mio*?"

"Henri! I was right."

"In what?"

"That the son of the Boyard is here."

"How do you know this?"

Madame de Chateaupers told him all she had just heard.

"Then"—he replied gravely—"it must be true."

"What is?"

"That which the Prince Dolgorouki suggested to me."

"And this is—"

"That Ivan Dimitry is dead or dying."

Saying this, he looked toward Mallowitz. The Russian nodded his head.

"Which was it?"

"Dying—Count Henri!"

"You should have told me this, earlier."

It was with an angry spot upon his brow that the Frenchman said this.

The reply of Mallowitz was succinct.

"Monsieur le Comte—the words, even of a serf, are his own."

Henri de Chateaupers crossed the apartment several times, rapidly. Mallowitz looked stolidly before him. But the blue eyes of Fiodorowna followed her husband. Her fear, however, wandered wide from the mark of his awakened doubt. Hers was a general dread. His suspicion had already taken individual shape.

She saw that he was very evidently, deeply annoyed.

Aye, the Prince Dolgorouki had foreseen everything thus far. The crafty keenness of the old Muscovite had marked him out trouble. Possibly, this trouble might not arise. Paul was a coward. But—"the young cub's teeth, now the old bear was out of the way, would be all the sharper." Supposing this trouble should come. If it did so, he had known the present Tzarina when she was only an Imperial Princess. Aye, and at that time—Pshaw! What was he dreaming of? It was an insolence upon his part, ever to have thought of her in this way. He, certainly, did not know the secret history of the Russian Court. Ye, even now—he was sure of this—she remembered it. She had extended the most gracious show of favor to himself and his Russian wife. Besides—there was another point upon which he could rely for safety. Was he not the special Secretary to the Duc de Richelieu? He was not now as he had been, when formerly in St. Petersburg. The dwelling of the Embassy was French soil. What chance of danger could there be? Or if there was any, why should he not send his wife and child, at once, back to France?

No! He felt that he could not do that, previous to the period fixed for the Coronation of the Empress of all the Russias.

This was to take place at Moscow within the next two weeks.

Apartments had already been assigned himself and the countess, in the Kremlin, immediately adjoining those which were to be occupied by the Ambassador of France.

It would be too glaring an insult—to his own country, as well as Russia. He—as well as the Duc de Richelieu—although less prominently, represented the French nation. The risk, whether slight or grave, must be run.

When he arrived at this point in his rapidly passing train of thought, he halted before the former serf of the Boyard. He laid his hand heavily upon the shoulder of the Russian.

"Mallowitz!"

"Count, I hear."

"You owe me a debt. Some six years since, you told me so."

The rough skin of Mallowitz flushed a dusky red through its coarsely granulated surface. Ere the count could prevent him, he had sunk upon both knees, caught his right hand in both of his own, and kissed it.

"I had then learnt—Monseigneur, how great a debt it was."

"Are you disposed to pay it now?"

"If it is with my own life."

"Rise—Mallowitz!" said De Chateaupers, with a grave smile. "I do not ask so much."

"If it is with any other"—continued the Russian, as he rose from his knees.

After all, civilization could not rid him of his Tartar blood.

"No!" responded the French gentleman, proudly. "The life that I need, I take myself."

"Monsieur, *mon père*."

Henri de Chateaupers turned to his son.

"Well—little one?"

"May I do the same, when I am a man?"

"Heaven grant, my child, that you may have no necessity!"

"But I want to—"

His mother drew little Henri from his father's side. Her touch had stayed the words which were on the boy's lips.

Then the Frenchman turned again to Mallowitz.

"If I need your service—uncle of Fiodorowna! I will send for you, this noon."

Taking his child by the hand, he left the chamber, accompanied by the countess, to go to his own apartment. As the ex-Starost and his wife were about to retire, themselves, the French nobleman again entered the room. He had ostensibly returned to fetch his plumed hat, which, on his previous entrance, he had thrown upon the table. Crossing to the Russian, he said, in a low tone—

"There will, perhaps, be danger in the service I need."

"I supposed, Count! there would."

It was in as low a key, that Mallowitz replied.

"And you do not refuse it?"

"St. Sergius knows"—replied the husband of Ismalla, solemnly—"that your need will lift a heavy weight from me."

He might, in all probability, have said "from my conscience," had his education supplied him with a name for that very valuable, but, occasionally, inconvenient mental article.

"Flo," said the Frenchman to his wife, when he rejoined her in the gallery running around the hall of the mansion they occupied—"in four days the court will quit St. Petersburg for Moscow. You have, barely, the time to be in readiness."

"Why, all is prepared."

"Not all. On the evening of the day succeeding the coronation, a magnificent masque is to be given by the Tzarina. I have only heard of it, this morning. Will you oblige me by ordering from Madame Fleur de Laine a direct copy of that dress in which I first saw you—no better and no worse? Pay for it what

she chooses to ask. But it must be ready in three days. On the morning of the fourth, Richelieu starts. I must leave, when he goes."

As Fiodorowna turned her large blue eyes upon her husband—filled with the light of her love for him—she had well-nigh forgotten what had passed earlier, in the memory of that scene which his words had recalled to her.

He had not.

It was, with a bitter heart, that he reminded himself of her dread when he had first mentioned their approaching visit to St. Petersburg. Yet, here they were now. For himself, he would have laughed at any danger. But he now recognized, that the mere chance of her peril made him a coward.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FRENCH EMBASSY SAVING ITS DIGNITY—A BOYARD'S FUNERAL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—THE KNIFE AS A DOORKEEPER—A STRANGER AT THE BURIAL—CLERICAL GRATITUDE FOR A PIECE OF GOLD—LIES FOR NO BREAD, AND TRUTH FOR POLANGER—AN INSTINCTIVE CONCLUSION.

AT the time which has been mentioned by Monsieur de Chateaupers, the French Ambassador and his suite quitted St. Petersburg, upon their route to Moscow.

Nor, should it be imagined, that this starting was by any means of the same class which, in the present day, characterizes such a passage between two large cities, in the same country. The private carriage in a Railway train—possibly a cold *cuisine*—half a dozen servants, more or less, should it be necessary—an interpreter, and three or four secretaries of legation, now, constitute the whole of the human and physical impediments which would have to be chronicle. At least, if we except a traveling-carriage or two, and half a dozen horses.

In that period, however, it was quite a different matter.

The train of the Special Envoy of his Sacred Majesty, Louis Quinze of Blessed Memory, consisted of fourteen carriages, drawn by four horses each—that of Richelieu himself was drawn by eight, and one of the carriages was devoted to his cook—as well as a traveling escort of some eighty servants, and a squadron of the Cossack lancers of the Empire to which he was accredited.

He had started, one day in advance of the Tzarina, in order to save his own dignity.

It was unfitting that the French Embassy should play an inferior part, in the Imperial progress to the ancient city.

Upon this very morning, in a different direction from the capital, another—if as lengthy, certainly not so gay a procession, might have been observed.

His serfs, headed by his son-in-law, Sapichy Dolgorouki, were bearing the remains of the late Boyard Ivan Dimitry to their last resting place.

The family burial-place was situated about three miles north of Berenzoff.

It was approached by an uneven and broken track through the pine forest.

So long had it been unused—for more than twenty-five years, had its rough wooden gates been unopened for any of the Dimitries—that, during the three days preceding this one, the ax and spade of a hundred serfs had been employed in clearing the road through the pine-wood, for their departed "Father," to his final home. Aye, rough and coarse and violent as he might have been—"their Father." While they hewed down the pines and leveled the earth, they groaned in spirit as they remembered that, sharp and gusty as the old man's wrath was, their lives and happiness were now in the hands of another, whose grinding will—like the upper and nether mill-stones—had no gentleness, and would show small mercy.

There was an intense gravity, approximating to grandeur, about the almost barbaric simplicity of this funeral procession, that would have impressed any straggler from the more civilized portions of Western Europe, who might have wandered into its neighborhood, with a feeling akin to awe.

First walked the Pope—as the village-priest of Russia was then, and is now, called to whom the charge of his late master's conscience had been supposed to belong.

He was a fat and burly man, with no great amount of brain, well advanced in the vale of years, and carrying a thick, unshorn head of hair, with a thicker beard of grizzled gray. His face bore the red marks of a robust and jovial intemperance which ill-mated with his garb, but for the gloom it wore upon the present occasion. He was intoning a solemn hymn, which, from its being taken up and chanted by the thronging and bareheaded serfs, who, male and female, most of them in their daily dress, pressed behind the corpse, was evidently one to whose rudely-religious melody they were accustomed.

Immediately behind him, labored eight of them over the rough ground.

They bore upon their shoulders a massive oaken coffin, which was uncovered, exposing the drawn and shrunken features which had but a few weeks since, when they had last gazed upon them, been, although aged, so full of strength and power. Thus exposed, the corpse of the Boyard would remain in the Chapel of that wild cemetery—carefully watched, night and day, to protect it from the desecrating tooth of any stray wolf that might wander down, even at this period of the year, from the neighboring forest—until a costlier coffin, in its leaden case, should arrive from St. Petersburg, in which the dead man might sleep at peace, until the Day of Judgment.

It was followed by Sapichy Dolgorouki.

Paul Dimitry was not present.

Probably, he would have been, in the teeth of his hatred for his dead father, but for the even more savage detestation which he now felt for his living brother-in-law. When he had known that Sapichy proposed accompanying all that was left of the old Boyard to its final rest-

ing-place, he had determined upon not forming one in that grimly savage funeral.

What did he care how it might appear in the eyes of those who followed with the count? Were they not his hewers of wood and drawers of water? What mattered it, what they should think?

So, Sapichy was alone.

Even Catharine Dolgorouki, the only daughter of the dead—she who had loved so dearly that rough and grand old savage—was not present.

Surely, it might have been believed, that no fear of wearying her delicately shapely limbs would have prevented the child of his love from testifying her respect to the dead parent. Neither, would it. That father to whom she had been as the very apple of his eye, would have drawn her to follow his body upon its last journey, afoot and alone, if none else were found to do it honor, for a score of times this distance, had she been conscious. They were awaiting now the presence of a celebrated German physician from the capital, whom Sapichy had summoned on her behalf, by special courier. When he had this morning left her, he had stationed Podatchky at the door of her chamber. Strict orders had been given him, that neither Paul Dimitry was to be allowed to enter the apartment, nor her attendant—it was the woman who had taken her from her mother's breast—to leave it.

"But if the master sends for me"—timidly queried Accoullina, in an imploring manner.

"Let him send."

"And should the Boyard insist—master—upon entering?"

Podatchky's question—all things considered—was natural enough. Evidently, Sapichy considered it to be so. For a moment he remained silent, as if in hesitation. Then, his keen gray eye looked steadily at the serf. There was a dangerous gleam in it.

"You will render it impossible for him."

"How—master?"

It was with a dark smile that the Russian count laid his finger upon the handle of the species of rude hunting-knife which was worn by Podatchky.

"For what you do—I will answer and pay."

As he turned and descended the staircase, with a thorough conviction that no intrusion on the part of "ce cher" Paul need be apprehended, a snakelike glitter flashed from the serf's eye, and Accoullina crept from him, into the chamber of the sick countess, pale and trembling.

Therefore, it was with a gloomy brow that Sapichy Dolgorouki followed the body of his father-in-law. The condition of the woman whom, it is known, he loved, affected him more deeply than it would have done, had he been more expressive and self-demonstrative in the exhibition of his affection. Something he knew—every soldier of the time, Russians included, did—of the ruder forms of surgery. But, the illness of his wife was rather beyond all such knowledge of the means of healing shot or sabre wounds. Nor, was the medical skill of her former nurse and the simple drugs at her command, sufficient to cope with it. Since she had fallen into his arms; after that singular exclamation which he had heard, and at which he still wondered, she had never, apparently, recovered consciousness.

Her eyes were open, but they noted nothing. She had occasionally spoken, but her words were disconnected and unmeaning.

Besides, even if the feverish apprehension for her safety, had not oppressed him, there was enough in the change of his position, since the death of old Dimitry, to have rendered him thoughtful. In his political life, he would henceforth lack that support, which, since his marriage, had rendered him well nigh as powerful as his uncle had been, some six years since.

Justice must however be done to Sapichy Dolgorouki. At the moment, this troubled him but little.

His thoughts were engrossed by Catharine.

At length, they had reached the worn and unhinged gate of the cemetery. As the coffin was borne into it, and being lowered upon some sods which had been piled together in a sort of platform in front of the small Chapel, a shriek—not altogether unmusical, and something resembling the *caoine* at an Irish wake—rose from the lips of the women who had taken a part in the strange procession. Then the serfs who followed the body, still bareheaded, knelt in a semi-circle before and partially around it.

While they beat their breasts and crossed themselves, the Russian nobleman also knelt.

So curiously, however, was his mental nature constituted, that spite of his perturbed feeling for his wife, and the most savage solemnity of the scene around him, he became conscious of a figure which he had not before noticed among the mourners.

It was a man, also bareheaded and kneeling beyond the semi-circle, beside the chapel.

As the burial service proceeded, the devotion, expressed in the manner and action of this individual, was extreme. He seemed to be praying for the departed soul of the inert mass of clay which was stretched before him, with the whole of his strong, although it might be, coarse nature.

Changed as the man was to all others who had known him formerly, Count Dolgorouki had seen and spoken with him repeatedly during the last few months.

His dress might be different. He, now, wore the coarse sheep-skin jacket, rough shirt, leathern girdle, and Tartar boots of earlier days. His hair was cut shorter, indeed, and his skin less brownly tanned than it had once been, but Sapichy knew him.

It was the ex-Starost of Yerkowa.

Possibly, but for his susceptibility to external observation, the count might, for want of any other immediate occupation, have joined in the prayers of those who were kneeling there with him for the repose of the dead Ivan Dimitry. But, as he turned from the face of the living freedman to the corpse of the former master, the

whole of that fiercely terrible scene, when he had last seen them together in the *kabak* at Potzeck, returned upon his memory. He recalled the sublimely frightful rage of the incensed father—the stolid indifference of Mallowitz—the stately dignity of De Chateaupers—Fiodorowna's humble yet passionate prayer, and the blanched and quailing look of the craven-hearted Paul. Had the Pope been watching his face, even his dense and *polanger*-dulled intellect might have been astonished—although, that astonishment would never have dared express itself in speech—at seeing the scornfully jeering sneer which curled Sapichy's lip.

Unbecoming the scene, as this sneer might be, it was produced by no disrespect to the memory of the dead Boyard.

On the contrary, it may be regarded, as by no means uncomplimentary to the departed Ivan.

While he was engrossed by the rapidly succeeding thoughts, which had followed on those the presence of Mallowitz had awoken in him, another of those strange walls from the assembled throng of serfs, followed the silence of the priest.

The service had come to an end.

When they all arose from their knees, and the women had crowded around the clay which but a few days since had been instinct with a life that owned theirs, the glance of Mallowitz encountered the eye of the Russian noble.

Sharp and hawk-like, it told the latter what he had, before this, naturally supposed. The business of the ex-Starost was with him.

"Who remain with the body?"

As the ringing tones of Sapichy's voice were heard, all started and turned toward him.

The priest told off four serfs—they were strong and able-bodied—to remain by the corpse and watch it. They were all armed with hatchets and long double-edged knives. He had already warned them, that they would be selected by him. No sooner had he done so, than those who had borne the coffin, raised it from the pile of sods upon which it had been resting, and carried it into the chapel.

"Farewell! Boyard!"—said Dolgorouki. "Whatever thy faults may have been, they were grander and truer than the craft, vice and cowardice of him who replaces thee."

The words were in French. None understood them, save Mallowitz, over whose face a grim look stole, as he heard them.

Then, Sapichy gave the Pope who had performed the service of the Greek church over the body, a piece of gold. His hand was eagerly seized and kissed, and a glowing and lengthy benediction pronounced upon him. After this, the nobleman turned and crossed the inclosure, toward the unhinged gate, through which the thronging hundreds present had entered the cemetery. Upon this, he rested one hand. All took it as a signal to retire. Each man and woman—young and old—bowed low as they passed before him. Among them were the Starosts of eleven villages upon the estates of the deceased. Each of them paused for a moment before Dolgorouki, and lifting his right hand between their own, placed it upon their uncovered heads.

One of them was an old man. He, well-nigh, counted up the same number of years, which had been scored by Ivan Dimitry. As he did so, it was in a low tone, he muttered—

"Why have not God and St. Sergius given us to you and Catharine, the daughter of Ivan?"

"They may yet do so!"

Careless as Sapichy's words were, the rheumy and blood-shot eyes of the aged Starost brightened with a cruel gleam of fancied comprehension, when he heard them.

"So, may it be!"

After uttering this, the old man passed out, following the rest, leaving Dolgorouki still leaning upon the opened gate. He might have been thinking upon him who was lying stiff, silent, and motionless, within that rude and simply-built chapel. He was dreaming, what had brought the ex-Starost of Yerkowa—Mallowitz had passed from the cemetery amongst the earliest of those who had quitted it—back to the place near which he had been born.

Some quarter of an hour after, he also roused himself from his leaning position, and quitted the burial-place.

He had, unintentionally, left a highly favorable impression of himself, with those who had been there, as well as the four who remained. It must be, nevertheless, owned that this impression was by far the keenest in the heart of the old Starost.

It was after a slow walk of more than twenty minutes, that he saw a figure in the gloom of the thick wood, leaning against the age-barked stem of a pine. The straight trunks of the trees stretched around him, upon every side. The fallen cones and brown spikes of the fir carpeted the earth, save along the narrow path which had been re-cleared during the past few days. No sound could be heard, save the alternate fall of his own feet and the constant whirl of the grasshoppers which swarmed upon the earth around him, almost like the cloud of locusts which in the days of Moses, swept Egypt bare of corn and grain.

As he neared the figure, it looked up. Its head had been bent, before.

It was with a serf-like obeisance that, Mallowitz recognized the presence of the son-in-law of his former master. His old feelings had returned to him among the well-remembered scenes he had trodden as a boy, and in which he had labored as a man. The fashion of life and thought he had well-nigh forgotten, re-asserted its power over him.

"You have returned then to the place you were born in—Mallowitz."

"This morning—master?"

"To see the last of the dead Boyard?"

"No!"

"You come then, for me?"

"Master—I do."

"When did you leave St. Petersburg?"

"Two mornings gone."

"You have traveled rapidly."

"I rode—master?"

"And once"—said Sapichy, meaningly—"you walked from Berenzoff to Potzeck, in some thirty-six hours."

Mallowitz seemed to shut up his words within himself, as he heard what the count said. His eyes glared as those of a wild-beast whom the huntman has tracked to his lair—in dread, yet about to spring. A fierce and inarticulate murmur frothed from his pale lips, as even in that gloom, he detected the scornful mockery of Sapichy's glance.

This endured but for a few moments, and then, his whole bearing changed. With a violent effort, he put from him his old nature as much as he could, and resumed something of his new life.

"Count! I did."

The Russian nobleman noticed the rapid working of the ex-Starost's suppressed passion, and the suddenness with which he had crushed it out. Perchance, the last did not particularly gratify him, for he questioned him sharply—

"What, then, brings you to me?"

"The order of Monsieur de Chateaupers."

Had Dolgorouki uttered his actual thought, he would have said—"How the devil did he find out, I was here?" As it was, he fashioned his reply in the shape of another question—"and what does he say?"

"I know not—master!" replied Mallowitz, again relapsing into his old manner of speech. "The French Count has written."

"Where is the letter?"

Taking out his knife, the uncle of Fiodorowna ripped open the lining of the right side of his sheep-skin jacket. Then, he drew out the missive in question, and handed it to Sapichy.

"Here—ma ter!"

Opening it the count ran rapidly through its contents, in spite of the scanty light. He was more accomplished in what constituted, at this period, a highly liberal education—reading and writing—than the generality of his class, in Russia, or, indeed, in the rest of Europe.

When he began, he murmured—"of course! I ought to have known it. The old badger can always smell out his cubs when they are old enough to burrow in a new hole. Yes! yes! but—" While he continued reading, his face darkened, and he struck his brow violently with the palm of his hand. It almost seemed as if he was trying, whether or not his skull was empty. "What fools we all were. And yet, I do not know about myself. At that time, it was no affair of mine. Nor would it be so now, but that *cher* Paul is mixed up with it, and that Catharine loves Madame de Chateaupers. What an ass a man is—not, possibly, to love"—he muttered—"but, to marry save in his own rank." In saying this, he turned suddenly upon Mallowitz, striking his other hand with the letter that he held in his right. "What do you know of this?"

"Master! of what?"

"What Count Henri writes me?"

"What does he write?"

"It is about that, I ask."

"He did not tell me—master."

"Mallowitz! answer me one thing truly."

"If Mallowitz can?"

"Are you lying?"

"St. Sergius be my witness—no!"

It must be granted that his Tartar nature had, now, completely asserted its empire over the partially Gallicized soul of Mallowitz. If he had not lied, he had undoubtedly shuffled with the truth, for Monsieur de Chateaupers had told him much, and Russ-like, he had managed to ferret out a great deal more. Yet, spite of his cleanly shaven lip, his face was as stolidly vacuous of the answer to the questions put to him, as the dry well is of water, when the need of the owner lowers his bucket into it.

"Now you call on a Saint to bear witness, I am sure of it"—said Sapichy. "A Tartar lies, even when it brings him no bread. But, he tells the truth, if it buys him *polanger*. How much?"

"I know nothing—master!"

When Mallowitz refused to be bribed, it must be admitted that Dolgorouki was staggered. Such a case was an anomaly. He had never believed it possible, that anything but the certainty of the knout could preserve a Muscovite tradesman or a serf from selling anything, from his shirt to his wife's honor. Besides, had he not known Mallowitz, bribed to cut the throat or otherwise dispose of the life of his present lord. Yes! the ex-Starost of Yerkowa had told the truth.

And so, warning him, on Paul's account, to quit the neighborhood of Berenzoff without being seen by him, he bade him tell the French gentleman what he had seen, and that, as soon as the Countess Dalgorouki was able to travel, he would join him.

He watched the countenance of Mallowitz, as he told him this.

It expressed no disappointment or astonishment at the brevity of his message to Monsieur de Chateaupers, or his counsel to himself.

As Sapichy resumed his walk in the direction of the mansion which contained the unconscious Catharine, his face—it should be remembered that he was now alone, where nothing might translate its expression, save the stillness of the dark pine-wood through which he moved—became stern and haggardly rigid in its lines. Ten years more of wrinkling age would seem to have settled on it. When, at last, he emerged from the thinning copse, within a mile of Berenzoff, he swore a bitter oath—he, whose worldly shrewdness so rarely allowed his temper to pierce through the outward crust of his manner.

"If I did not love Catharine"—he said, grinding each word between his teeth—"the Frenchman should soon be rid of his fear. My account with the *canaille*, her brother"—he did not even jestingly call him his "*cher* Paul," now—"should be as briefly settled as libelous tongues affirm that Ivan Dimitry's was with his."

In a quarter of an hour, more, he arrived at the mansion.

On ascending the stairs to the chamber of his sick wife, he questioned Podatchky touching what had passed in his absence.

"Nothing—master?"

"Then, Paul has gone."

It was a sharply uttered and instinctive thought that he gave speech to, before the serf could say more than the two words he had spoken.

Podatchky's answering look told him he was right.

Without further utterance—his gray eyes literally flashing with a passionate hatred, that transformed his usually quiet or mocking features into those of a demon—Sapichy Dolgorouki entered the apartment. As he saw the senseless form of Catharine, they once more became human, and a hoarsely tender wall arose from his lips. Looking at Accoullina, his glance questioned her.

"The mistress has neither spoken nor moved."

NEWS BREVITIES.

A NEW capitol building is talked of for Richmond.

CROPS in Indiana are very promising throughout the entire State.

THE Texas State Agricultural Fair opened at Houston on the 17th inst.

GEORGIA pays annually \$400,000 interest on a public debt of over six millions.

THE "Floral Fair of the Cotton States" opened at Augusta, Ga., on the 11th inst.

MACON and other Georgia towns are rejoicing in strawberries, but they cost seventy-five cents a quart.

JANESVILLE, Wis., has a Mayor who proposes to abolish the high-school there, because the town has a debt of \$52,200.

THE Indian curiosity-shops at Niagara, are supplied with specimens of Indian manufacture, chiefly by German importers in this city.

OVER five hundred dollars were raised on 'Change, in St. Louis, at noon, on Wednesday, May 11, for the relief of the Richmond sufferers.

MARIETTA, Ohio, is the oldest town in the State, having been settled in 1788. It is a solid and staid town, with very wide streets, and old-fashioned stores.

A SALT LAKE dispatch says that twenty families of Josephite Mormons, numbering 1,000 hundred souls, have left Utah for their old homes in the States.

KAUFMAN COUNTY, Texas, has increased one hundred per cent. in population during the past twelve months, the immigration being of a sturdy, industrious class.

THE cold east winds of Boston are very destructive of human life. Last year they imposed a fatal form of consumption upon 916 persons, and killed 146 with bronchitis.

ONE Charleston paper remarks, that for all practical purposes, the issues of the past, as far as the State of South Carolina is concerned, are "in mortuary obeyance."

A FRENCH judge was poisoned while delivering a funeral oration over the grave of a colleague, by "cadaverous emanation" from the coffin of the deceased judge's wife.

THE Grand Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic opened its session in Washington on the 11th inst., when Gen. Logan, Commander-in-Chief, made an address.

THE Union League of Philadelphia commemorated the opening of their hall on the evening of the 10th inst., it being the anniversary of that event, by a reception and ball.

At Augusta, Wis., where more prayer is considered necessary, the people are recommended to secret devotions, at "the blowing of the half-past eleven whistle at the steam mill."

THE Swedenborgians, English and American, have raised upward of \$15,000 toward photolithographing Swedenborg's manuscripts, preserved in the library of the Academy of Sciences, Stockholm.

THE Boston police recently caught about one hundred "people" in an ice-house, preparing to set a bear and dog fighting. Many of the "people," and the dog, were captured, but the bear escaped.

A COLLECTION of bones from a California mound has lately been exhibited to the scientific men of San Francisco. They showed, by their great size, that their original proprietors were unusually large and powerful men.

A RESIDENT of Mankato, Minnesota, last fall, purchased at Lee, Mass., three Italian queen-bees, which cost him about \$25. From these he has raised three large swarms, and proposes to supply the bee growers of his State from them.

THE Round Lake Camp-Meeting Association are making active preparations for the annual assembly, which begins June 21. Sixty cottages have been built upon the grounds since the last meeting, and now quite a village presents there.

An unpleasant female is Mrs. Turner, of Sacramento. Her husband one day took another woman out riding, and Mrs. Turner met him as he returned from the livery stable, and cut him under the right side of the neck so severely that he died in a few minutes.

THE Ohio Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows will hold its next meeting on the second Tuesday of May, 1871, at Toledo. The Grand Lodge congratulates the Columbus Odd Fellows on their success in building a new temple, and the Odd Fellows of Cincinnati, Dayton and Cleveland for their efforts in the same direction.

THE railroad bridge over the Tennessee River at Florence has been severely tested with eight or nine locomotives and several loaded cars, the result being entirely satisfactory. The bridge has two roadways; the upper one for the passage of trains, and the lower for ordinary vehicles. Its total cost was about \$120,000.

A SCIENTIFIC party has left San Francisco to make explorations of the geology and topography of the San Joaquin Valley to Visalia, over the Sierra to Owens Valley, and the Owens Valley River region, up to Mono Lake; and it is said that another party will soon start for the purpose of examining the mines, and of completing the topographical work on the Sierra, from Plumas to Tuolumne county.

Of the iron-producing countries, the United States, the Zollverein, Austria, Russia, Spain, and Italy, are the only ones in which the consumption exceeds the production. The United States imports one-fourth of her consumption. England exports a two-thirds of her production, Belgium one-half, and Sweden and Norway seven-eighths. If our entire iron importations were brought from England, we should import but one-eighth of her exportation.

THE COMING MAN.

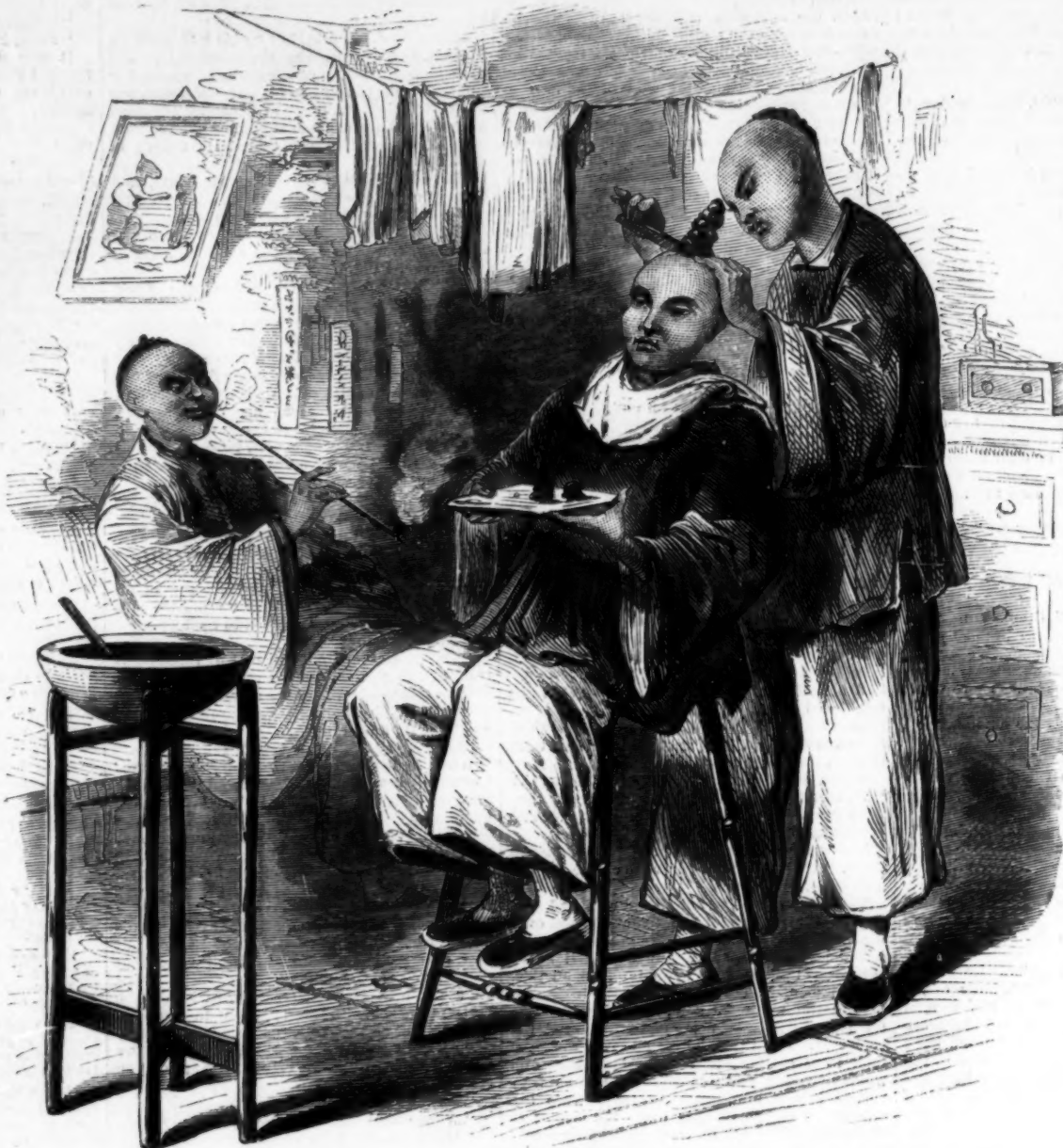
BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THERE is a very erroneous impression, among Americans, that the Chinese are ignorant and uneducated. Education is general throughout the empire, and there are few Chinese, of the masculine gender, who cannot read and write. Instruction is not considered of the highest importance for women in a country where their position is greatly inferior to that of men, and China offers no exception to the rule. In their schools, as in everything else, the Chinese are patient; and when a pupil has a task before him, he rarely leaves it till it is accomplished. To be able to read and write is as necessary in China as in England or America, and, for certain reasons, education is even more desirable there than here. For example, all public offices are obtained by competitive examination, and not, as in America, by political favor.

The Civil Service bill, which Mr. Jenckes has been urging for a long time in Congress, requiring competitive examinations for office-seekers—is practically after the Chinese model; and, instead of being a new invention, it has an antiquity of thousands of years. A dishonest man may get into office in China, but an ignorant one cannot, as he must compete with all other applicants, and show himself the best qualified in point of intelligence.

The great ambition of Chinese students is to be admitted to the University of Peking. Every year there is an examination of all applicants, and the endeavor is to make it perfectly impartial, and as rigid as it is just.

The candidate is shut by himself in a small room, where he is furnished with writing materials, and deprived of all books, notes



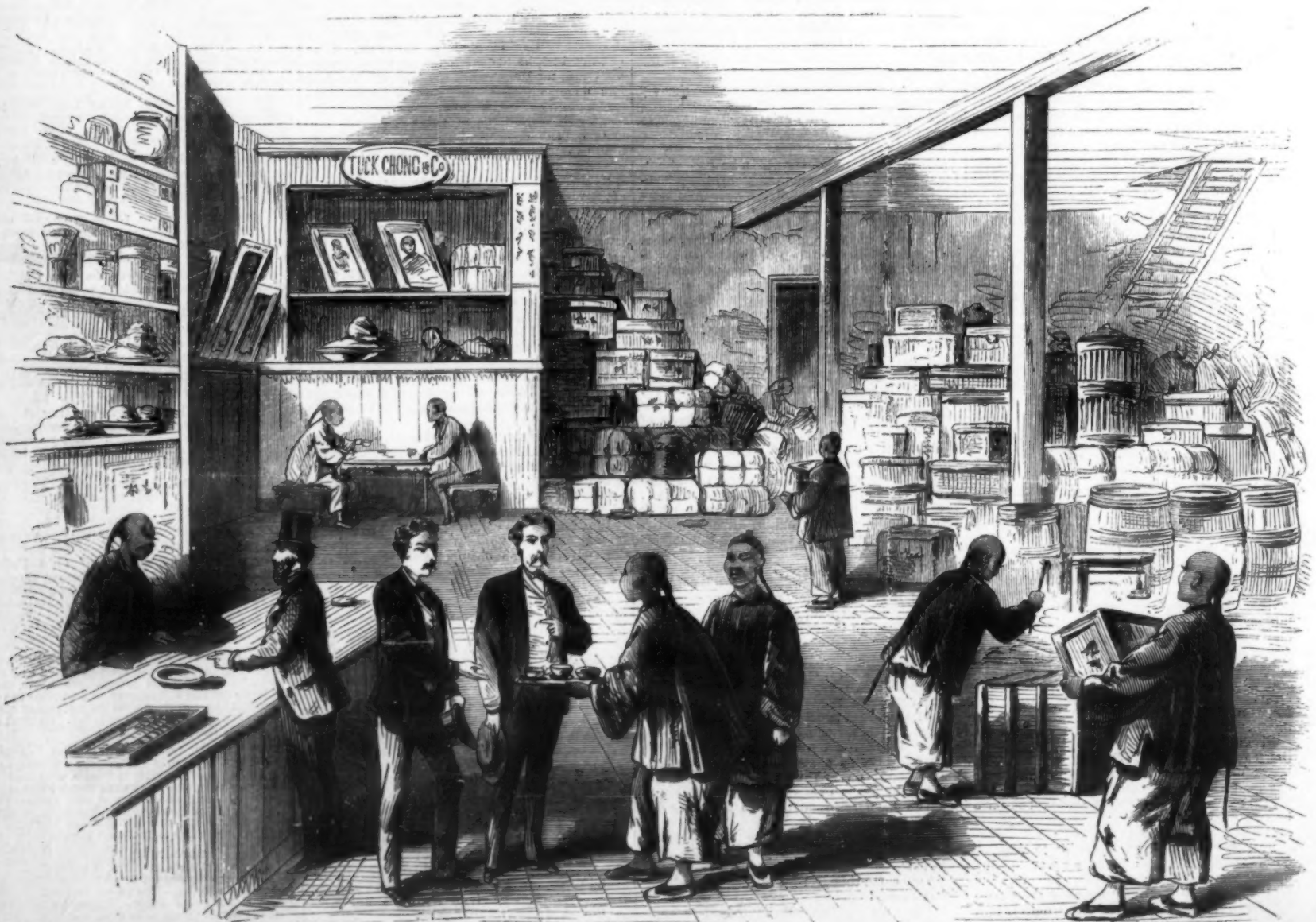
THE COMING MAN.—A CHINESE BARBER-SHOP IN SAN FRANCISCO—THE TONSORIAL OPERATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

or memoranda that he may have about him. A subject is then given him, generally a passage from the writings of Confucius, on which he must write a treatise. After a time his production is taken from him, and he receives another subject; and this goes on until he has treated topics enough to show the extent of his education and ability. The examination occupies from two to ten days, and when it is ended, the treatises are compared, and the applicant knows his fate. Some of the ambitious students go year after year to Peking, and are regularly "plucked." But they plod on in patience, and some of them reach a ripe age before they are successful.

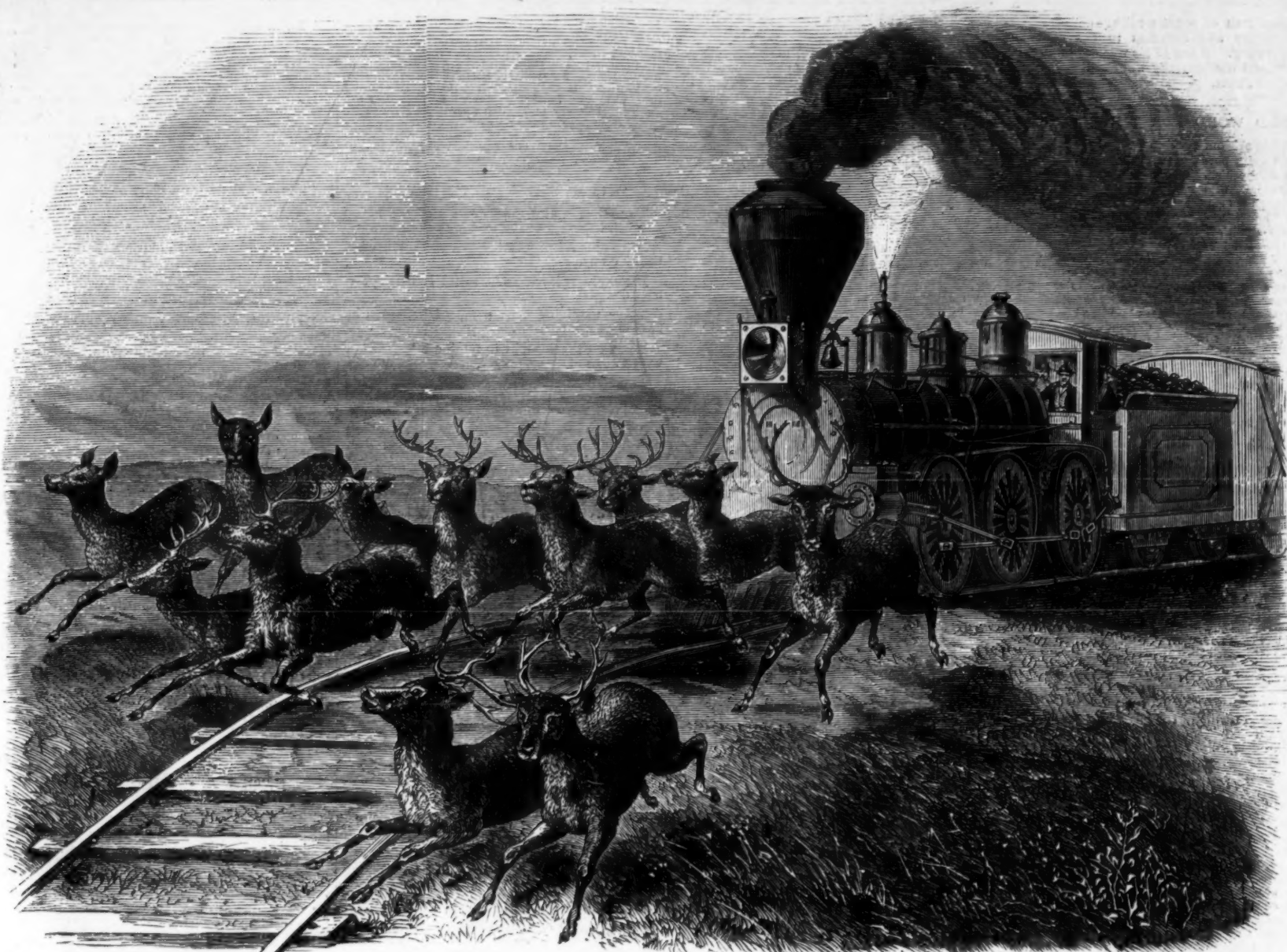
In San Francisco the Chinese schools are nearly all devoted to the instruction of the Celestials in the English language. The pupils at these schools are nearly all men; now and then a boy is visible, but he is an exception rather than a rule. Many of the schools are held in the evening, as the men are employed during the day; the teachers are generally Americans, though now and then a Chinese who speaks English has the honor of holding the rod, which, in these schools, is not used for purposes of castigation. The pupils are taught the alphabet, and then are set to learning the names of common objects which are delineated before them. In this way of studying English they learn the power of the letters, and their practical application to spelling words and giving names to things that they see daily. The teachers say that they learn easily, and what they learn they generally retain better than the average of American scholars.

John wears his hair in a queue, or pigtail, and he shaves his head, except where the pig-tail takes root.

Once a week he goes to the barber and has his hair dressed; sometimes he goes



THE COMING MAN.—THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CHINESE WAREHOUSES IN SAN FRANCISCO—PROPRIETORS ENTERTAINING CUSTOMERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



AN EXCITING RACE BETWEEN A LOCOMOTIVE AND A HERD OF DEER ON THE LINE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, WEST OF OMAHA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 165.

often, but once in six or seven days is the general rule. He perches on a high stool, and the barber goes at his work with a neatness and delicacy of touch that could not be excelled by the tonsorial artists in New York. The duty of the Chinese barber is to shave the head and braid the queue of his customer, and in case the appendage is too short, he lengthens it out with strands of silk. It is no uncommon thing to see a queue which has been extended to twice its length by an addition of silk and false hair, so neatly put on that it is not easy to detect the difference between the counterfeit and the genuine. Do not our American belles practice the same deception, and make a lavish display of curls and chignons that never grew on their own heads.

One of the greatest indignities that can be offered to a Chinese is to cut off his queue. The ornament is generally amputated as a punishment, after the wearer has been sentenced to jail or the penitentiary. The robbers who take the form of irregular tax-collectors understand the reverence of the Chinese for their hair.

When they go through the mines, and find the Chinese unwilling to hand over their money, they extort it by threatening to cut off their queues, and the menace rarely fails. Sometimes a crowd of facetious Americans will tie the queues of half-a-dozen Chinese together, fasten the compound knot to a cord, which they attach to a crossbeam or the limb of a tree in such a way that the victims cannot extricate themselves without assistance. There are a few pale-faced brutes in California who consider it entirely proper to amuse themselves in this way.

The stores of the Chinese merchants in San Francisco are not altogether unlike those of the Americans. The goods are ranged on shelves and in boxes, and are all of Oriental origin. There are a thousand and one specimens of Chinese workmanship, from pictures upon rice-paper up to elaborate boxes of lacquered-ware, that contain a whole maze of drawers and compartments, which require no common ingenuity to construct. There are cases of tea and bags of rice among the more bulky goods, and, in most instances, the stores have an appearance of being very closely packed.

A first-class establishment will have a mass of goods for which we have no definite names, but which, sooner or later, find a market. A large trade is carried on in little objects, which are bought as curiosities by Americans, and the profit upon them is generally very good. Tea and rice afford smaller profits, as there is often a sharp competition among the merchants. Now and then there is a corner in rice or tea, and the Chinese merchants are just as ready as the Americans to put up the price, and make a good speculation.

The Chinese merchants in San Francisco are very polite to their customers, whether of their own nationality or any other. They are never weary of showing their goods, and when a vis-

itor remains more than a few moments, he is pretty sure to be invited to take a cup of tea or a glass of wine. The merchant never appears in a hurry, and he is just as polite when you trade with him as when you do not. Sometimes you swallow your tea or wine while standing, and at others you are taken to a seat at a table, when you can sip at your ease. These merchants have an excellent reputation for honesty and fair dealing in their transactions, and are generally very popular with those who trade with them.

THE LATE CUBAN GENERAL GOICOURIA.

GENERAL DOMINGO DE GOICOURIA, an ardent Cuban patriot, and a naturalized citizen of the United States, was executed, by the garrote, at Havana, Saturday, May 7th. He had only lately arrived from Nassau, in the schooner Herald, and was captured on Guajaba Key, on the 3d inst., by two soldiers from the Spanish man-of-war Isabel la Catolica. It is stated he was at-

tempting to escape by swimming to another Key, when the soldiers sighted him. On the 4th, he was carried to Neuvitas and Puerto Principe, and confined during the day in the old cavalry barracks.

On the 6th, he was taken to Havana. A drum-head court-martial was organized, and their sentence came in a short time, the verdict being such as was generally expected, that Goicouria should be garroted. When the sentence was announced, Goicouria was taken out of his cell and placed in capilla (the chapel), where he remained until four o'clock Saturday morning, when he was carried, under a heavy volunteer guard, to the Castillo del Principe, at the head of the Paseo, where the garrote platform had been erected. A few minutes before eight he was taken to the scaffold, accompanied by a priest. The old gentleman was not moved by the difficulties of his position. He was given no opportunities to make an ante-mortem address, but still managed to shout "Viva Cuba!" the beating of drums preventing anything else he said from being heard. The iron ring was fastened around his neck, the executioner gave a turn of the wrench, the head fell on one side, and Goicouria was no more! Thus died a brave man, who was condemned to death by Spain for his part in the Lopez expedition eighteen years ago.

General Goicouria was a native of Cuba, and has been for many years identified with the schemes for the liberation of the Cubans from Spanish rule. He was, for this reason, forced to take up his residence in the United States, where he has taken a leading part in organizing the different expeditions that have been set on foot against the Spanish authority. He was, in fact, the director of the enterprises which Lopez had the credit of heading. Lopez was a mere soldier of fortune; Goicouria calculated the chances, and advised caution and great preparation. He was the second in command of Lopez; was captured, condemned to death, sent to Spain, and escaped from those who held him.

After the disasters of that time, Goicouria was engaged in arranging a larger expedition, which was to have been led by General Quitman. Gustavus W. Smith, George B. McClellan, Mansfield Lovell and General Harney are said to have offered their services in this scheme for the liberation of Cuba. Goicouria was so highly esteemed and trusted in Cuba that the people of that island sent him large sums of money to assist in the enterprise. Although this was the most formidable and respectable expedition of the kind ever organized, for some reason, never explained, it was suddenly abandoned.

When the revolution was begun in Cuba, last year, he devoted himself to sending assistance from the United States, and that has been the character of his service almost entirely throughout the present struggle. In his death, which was, like that of Lopez, by the garrote, the Cubans lose a zealous leader.

The family of Goicouria live in Rio de Janeiro.



GENERAL DOMINGO DE GOICOURIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

He was a man of great wealth, and of admirable bravery and devotion to the cause of Cuban liberty. A son of his was aid to General Jordan, and was mortally wounded at the battle of Las Tunas.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE MOSQUITO.

This is seldom spoken. The man who does so must really have a great deal of Christian charity in his composition. And yet it has been done, we must confess, with some effort upon even ourself, who regard her singing and her bite the most annoying of all things. If, however, what is said below by an entomologist, of the mosquito be true, we must "give in," and accord to her a quality which we have hitherto denied her—that of being an unmitigated pest, but possessing some useful qualities. We say her, for it seems the male mosquito does not bite nor suck our blood.

The eggs of the mosquito are laid in a bowl-shaped mass upon the surface of stagnant water, by the mother-fly. After hatching out, they finally become the wiggletails or wriggling worms that may be seen in the summer in any barrel of water that is exposed to the atmosphere for any length of time. Finally, the "wiggletails" come to the surface, and the full-fledged mosquito bursts out of them, at first, with very short lip wings, which, in a short time, grow both in length and stiffness. The sexes then couple, and the above process is repeated again, probably several times in the course of one season. It is a curious fact that the male mosquito, which may be known by its feathered antennae, is physically incapable of sucking blood.

"The mosquito is not an unmitigated pest. Although in the winged state, the female sucks our blood and disturbs our rest, in the larval state the insect is decidedly beneficial, by purifying stagnant water that would otherwise breed malarial disease. Linnaeus, long ago, showed that if you place two barrels of stagnant water side by side, neither of them containing any 'wiggletails,' or other living animals, and cover one of them over with gauze, leaving the other one uncovered, so that it will soon become full of 'wiggletails,' hatched out from eggs deposited by the male mosquito, then the covered barrel will, in a few weeks, become very offensive, and the uncovered barrel will emit no impure and unsavory vapors."

If the females disturb your slumbers, the following is said to be an excellent preventive:

"Take of gum camphor, a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and crumble it by placing it in a tin vessel, holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, who will return no more, at least for that night, even if the windows be left open. Try it."

TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

The Tun of Heidelberg (writes an American gentleman, traveling in Germany) is in a vaulted cellar of the castle. I was misled by the name, and supposed it was a sort of vat. But it is a regular hog-head, containing 49,000 gallons. The staves are each massive sticks of timber. The hoops are immense bands of oak, six inches thick, and a foot across. It is supported by a huge framework of oak. There is a staircase leading up the side to a gallery on the summit, along which people used to pass with the wine, which was poured in on top. How the huge thing was ever built, put up, and banded, I cannot conceive. The tradition is that it was built by a prince, who received part of his taxes in wine, and paid his servants and officers part of their wages in wine, and that a complaint grew up that the wine paid was unequal in quality. So this huge tun was devised, into which all the wine received was poured as it came in, and from which all the wine paid out or used was drawn of a uniform quality. But, as I stood below the great Tun and looked up twenty feet to the top, I began to grow upon me. Forty-nine thousand gallons, I said to myself. That is 1,000 hogheads (I am tolerably apt at mental arithmetic), or 1,500 barrels. Forty-nine thousand gallons! Why, at a gallon a day—and I did not think I would master more than that—it would take at least 130 years to drink that hoghead-ful. I did not feel that I could stop to do it. In fact, I had other engagements elsewhere. But a ray of light struck me. I said to the little girl who accompanied me as a guide:

"That is a vast quantity of wine. Do you think the tun is quite full?"

"Why, Lord bless your High-and-Well-born Worship," said she (I had just given her a double handful of kreutzers), "the tun has been filled only three times, and the last time was more than a hundred years ago. There's not a drop of wine in it!"

A CHINESE MOB.

PROFESSOR PUMPEL, from whose excellent book, "Across America and Asia," our readers will thank us for having taken so many extracts, when traveling in the outlying provinces of China, was, with his companions, occasionally exposed to insult. Such gentle characterizations as "foreign devils," etc., were sometimes backed up by stones. Once, the crowd which followed them hooted and threw missiles, threatening a serious disturbance; this was checked in so singular a manner, that we quote the passage describing it, together with the author's comment:

"When they had reached this point, Murray stopped his horse, and turning to face the crowd, raised his hand to motion silence. 'O, people of Ts-hwei-chang!' exclaimed Murray, in excellent Chinese, 'is this your hospitality? Do ye thus observe the injunctions of your sages, that ye shall treat kindly the stranger that is within your gates? Have ye forgotten that your great teacher, Confucius, had said, 'What I would not that men should do to me, that would I not also do to men?' The effect of this exhortation was as remarkable as it was unexpected by me. In an instant the character of the crowd was changed; the hooting and pelting had stopped to hear the barbarian talking in the familiar words of Confucius; the old men bowed approvingly, and a number of boys jumped forward to show us the way. This scene will appear more impressive by contrast, if we suppose a couple of Chinamen, followed by a crowd of a few thousand American men and boys; and if we suppose the two strangers to turn and quote in good English, the similar passage of Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. The reader may form his own opinion as to the success of such an experiment."

THE RUSSIAN SOCIALISTS.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Posen Gazette* tells a curious story, which, he says, is now current in the Russian court, concerning the newly-discovered Socialist conspiracy. Last autumn, during the stay of the Imperial family at Livadia, an aide-de-camp of the emperor's suite one day found in his coat pocket an anonymous pamphlet, in which a striking parallel is drawn between the present state of Russia and that of France before the revolution. The government of Nicholas is compared with that of Louis XIV., and the rule of Alexander II. with that of Louis XV., the fate of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette being foretold for the present Czar and the Princess Dagmar, who is accused of frivolity, arrogance, and love of dress. The anonymous writer concludes as follows: "The Russian Revolution will be far more bloody and terrible than that of France in 1789; for the oppression of the masses is harder than that of the French."

French kings, and Russian society far exceeds that of France. Immorality, brutality and ignorance." This pamphlet was given by the aide-de-camp to a lady of the court, who showed it to the emperor and empress. The latter, on reading it, was thrown into a paroxysm of fear; she went immediately to the Princess Dagmar, and after reproaching her with her love of finery and want of devotion, implored her to alter her mode of life, as otherwise, she was sure the words of the pamphlet would come true, and both the princess and her husband would perish on the scaffold. On hearing these reproaches the Princess Dagmar burst into tears, and complained of her cruel witch. The consequence was that both of them left Livadia a few hours after. Since this family scene, adds the correspondent, the empress has often had long fits of depression, and passes most of her time in the society of the well-known Countess Bludoff.

WILD FOWL.—High up in the Nile valley, birds of similar propensities enjoy much greater safety and freedom than in Europe. The river there is engaged in creating the country it is hereafter to fertilize. Spreading into immense expanses, and following no certain channel, it stagnates amid whole forests of rushes, reeds and other aquatic plants, whose stems arrest the silt which the water holds in suspension, and precipitate into the bottom, where it constitutes, layer on layer, the foundation of some future Egypt. Here is the very paradise of wild fowl. Sometimes near the edge of the water you behold the long-legged flamingo standing knee-deep in the flood, and appearing like the fragment of a rainbow with its brilliant and gorgeous and brilliant colors, satisfying his humble appetite with sundry kinds of mud-fish. The natives entertain strange notions of this bird. Believing in the doctrine of metempsychosis, they assert that it is animated by the soul of a great and proud sultan of the Indies, who, in punishment of his vanity, was transformed into a bird, and allowed to retain the splendor of his costume, banished for many thousand years into the wastes of Africa. All round amid the tufts of luxuriant vegetation you perceive specks of water-fowl; ducks fat as the least of Winnebago Lake; herons, storks, pelicans, wild geese, the white rice-birds, the black ibis—no longer seen below the cataracts—with many other kinds for which our northern vocabulary has no names. These birds convert such swamps, half mud, half water, into breeding-places; and therefore, as your boat moves hither and thither among the matted aquatic verdure, you behold their large eggs, glossy white or blue, shining forth among the roots of the plants, which at a latter period swarm with young nurselings of all hues.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF MEN, ANIMALS, AND INSECTS.—A man of thirty, weighing, on an average, a hundred and thirty pounds, can drag, according to Regnier, only a hundred and twenty pounds—that is, for a period of labor—say ten hours a day. The proportion of the weight drawn to the weight of his body is no more than as twelve to thirteen. A draught-horse can exert, only for a few instants, an effort equal to about two-thirds of his own proper weight. The man, therefore, is stronger than the horse. But, according to Plateau, small insects drag, without difficulty, five, six, ten, twenty times their own weight. The cockchafer draws fourteen times its own weight, and more. Other coleoptera are able to put themselves into equilibrium with a force of traction, reaching as high as forty-two times their own weight. Insects, therefore, when compared with the vertebrates, which we employ as beasts of draught, have enormous muscular power. It is very amusing to harness a cockchafer with drawing cotton attached to a cork-chariot. The weight of the cork can, by cutting, be regulated to suit the strength of the flying chariotier. After work he should be carefully unharnessed, and let fly to find his home.

THE JEALOUSY OF GIRLS.—Girls are awfully jealous of each other. I should call this the girl's distinctive fault. See when they are introduced, or when they first meet at a ball or croquet party; see how coldly critical they look at each other; how insolently their eyes rove over every portion of their rival's dress; read in their faces the outspoken scorn as the result of their scrutiny. "You think you have done it very well, but you have made a fright of yourself, and I am much better than you!" Watch their disdain of the more admired among them; and how excessively naughty for attracting so much attention they think that Ada or Amy is, about whom the young men cluster. How bold she is!—how affected she is! and, oh! how ugly she is! Sometimes, if they are deep, they will overpraise her enthusiastically; but the ruse is generally too transparent to deceive any one, and simply counts what it is—a clever feint that doesn't answer. It is quite a study to watch the way in which girls shake hands together, or take hands in the dances. The limp, cool, impertinent way in which they just touch palms, then let their arms fall as paralyzed, tells a volume to those able to read the lettering.

CONTROL OF INVOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS OF THE BODY.—Several curious facts have recently been published, based, it is said, on good authority, in reference to the power, possessed by some individuals, of controlling the action of the heart and lungs, and entering, at will, into a state of catalepsy and apparent death, remaining in that condition for a length of time, extending to days, weeks, and even months. The case of Colonel Townsend, who could check the beating of his heart, and pass into a condition of rigid coldness, at will, is well known, and apparently well authenticated. Other instances are met with among the Fakirs of India, respecting whom many accounts are on record. In one instance the Fakir was buried alive for six weeks, the tomb being kept under a strict guard, and at the expiration of that time, restoratives having been applied to the body, the vital organs resumed their functions. One devotee was buried alive in a common grave, under three or four feet of earth, disinterred after three days, and again restored to his usual condition.

GOING TO THE PLAY.—The following receipt for going comfortably to the play, was written early in the century: "Go alone; or if you must needs have a companion, choose one who knows how to speak and when to be silent. Take a huge stick; it answers the double purpose of dispensing terror to the toes of intruders as you are obtaining a seat, and of supporting your hat when you have obtained one. Sit in the middle of the third or fourth row; let the play be Shakespeare's or Otway's, and let the farce be musical; have your great-coat lying in wait at the nearest oyster shop, if the weather be cold, and let the house be comfortably tight if the weather be warm; take care not to sit near your tailor if you owe him anything; let there be no royal visitors to cause 'Rule Britannia' to be drummed into your ears; and finally, and particularly, let the play be very quick between the acts. These things provided, a play is delightful, fascinating, and rational amusement; without them, it is the hottest of human misery."

UPON what small events does the destiny of nations sometimes depend! When Napoleon was out of favor with the Directory, and had been struck off the list of General Officers, he lodged at the Hotel Mirabeau, in the Impasse da Dauphine, near the Tuileries. He occupied a single room at a rent of about twelve to eighteen francs a month. Fanchette, the daughter of the landlord, fell in love with him, and her father proposed that they should marry; that his intended son-in-law should leave the army, and keep the hotel in his stead. It is more than probable that Napoleon—who at that time was very badly off—would have agreed to the proposal, had not the revolution of the First Vendemiaire given him other occupation than looking after the wants of lodgers. It need hardly be said that he did not marry Fanchette; but what must have been her thoughts when her sometime lover became first Consul and afterward Emperor of the French?

AMONG the sixty thousand horses which Moscow is said to possess, a large number are of great beauty; and their elegant heads are seen to the more

advantage from the absence of blinkers and the extreme lightness of the harness generally. The rarity of collisions in thoroughfares crowded with sledges, going in every direction, and every one of them at a pace which in Paris would insure the prosecution of the *tasovitchik* for "furious driving," is to be attributed as much to the liberty left to the animal of using their own eyes as to the skill with which they are guided. Most of the English trainers in Russia now break their horses in to go without blinkers; which, regarded in the light of a decoration, are about as ornamental to the head of a horse as an eye-shade is to that of a man.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

The best waiting-maids—Elderly females unmarried.

Motto for velocipedists—Where there's *wheel* there's a way.

BARBARIC splendor—An artist in hair sporting a diamond.

WHAT medicine does a man take, when he has a cross wife? Elkhair.

WHAT costume ought to remind a lady of her washerwoman? Why, her lawn dress, to be sure.

At a recent firemen's supper, the following toast was given: "The firemen of our city. Like old maids, may they ever be ready, but never wanted."

A LECTURER asking, on a rainy day, why one of the audience had paid the admission fee of fifty cents and come in, and slept all the while, received the answer: "I will tell you," said the old man, with a shrewd wink of his eye. "I was out in the rain, and as I had no umbrella to keep me from getting wet, and tickets at fifty cents are cheaper than umbrellas at a dollar and a half, I saved a dollar by coming in."

A CRUEL WIDOW.

Militiaman—"Now, Widow Jones, behold me at your feet in my regimentals! You ain't got the heart to refuse me now! I've become a member of the Crack Guards on purpose to please you!"

Widow Jones—"You are very magnificent for a masquerade, but I'm busy getting dinner now, so will have to postpone this fun till some evening, when—I will invite some friends to enjoy it!"

An honest German used to boast that he could take a mug of beer with one swallow. Some of the boys, just to try him, dared him to do it one night, having first slyly put a defect mouse in the mug. Hans drowned the whole business at one fell swoop, and sat quietly wiping his lips. "How did it go, uncle?" said the boys, in a chorus. "It was good," replied the old man. "But," he continued, as if he had just thought of it, "I think there was a tam big hop in de bottom."

CHARLIE is a bright four-year old of Norwich, who, although a good boy as boys go, sometimes gives occasion for serious reproaches from his mother. On a recent occasion of this sort, Charlie began looking rather sour, when his mother took him to task for it, and told him that he ought to look pleasant. But his face continued to wrinkle, till his mother remarked, "Why, Charlie, I am astonished to see you making faces at your mother!" Charlie brightened up at once, and retorted: "Why, I calculated to laugh; but, mamma, my face slipped."

An opponent of woman-suffrage—one of the feminine persuasion, we are constrained to believe—perpetuates the following malicious lines:

The rights of women who demand,
Those women are but few;
The greatest part had rather stand
Exactly as they do.
Beauty has claims, for which she fights
At ease, with winning arms;
The woman who wants woman's rights
Wants, mostly, woman's charms.

"Massa's very sick,--de doctor says he can't lib me' dan two, three, four days longer!" exclaimed Peter Snow, with a sad countenance. "Bery sorry for you, Pete; but the best of massa will die, dat am a fac--dar ain't no help for dem. Wat am de particular diagnosis ob his case, Peter?" "De doctor says he has got two buckles on his lungs, and tw' more on his stomach; den he habs a digestion ob de brain, a palpitation ob de elementary canawl, an' de hydrology in de kin-knees, an' sumfin' or oder am de matter in de region ob de gizzard! Oh, it am a drefful case!"

THE following were the rules for cooking a beef-steak, adopted by the celebrated "Beef-Steak Club," started in England in 1734:

"Pound well your meat until the fibres break;
Be sure that next you have, to broil the steak,
Good coal in plenty; nor a moment leave,
But turn it over this way and then that;
The lean should be quite rare—not so the fat.
The platter now and then the juice receive,
Put on your butter, place it on your meat.
Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve and eat."

An English bishop related the following experience of a brother clergyman: He had a parishioner, an old woman, who seldom went to church. Observing her there one Good Friday, frequently lifting up her eyes, opening her mouth, and wringing her hands, as he preached somewhat graphically upon the intensity of our Saviour's agony and death, he fancied he had made some impression upon the old woman's mind, and, hoping to improve it, he asked her, after the service, what she thought of the sermon. "Sermon, sir?" she replied. "How could you go far to tell sich a story? Thank the Lord, it was a long time ago, and don't concern us; so we'll hope it ain't true!"

CITY RAILROAD CABS.

Never full, pack 'em in;
Move up, fat men; squeeze in, thin;
Trunks, valises, boxes, bundles,
Fill up gaps as on sea tumbles.
Market-baskets without number,
Owners easy, nod in slumber;
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen or more on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal finger,
Car slacks up, but not a finger;
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shoved inside to sweat and smolder,
Feet are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop-skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder;
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whisky toddies,
Tobacco, garlic, cheese and lager-beer
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather and tan,
And if in luck, a "soap-fat" man.
Ar'n't we jolly? What a blessing!
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing!

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to tell, with high merriment, a disaster that once befell him. "One morning," said he, "I opened a huge lump of a despatch without looking how it was addressed, never doubting that it had traveled under some omniscient frank, like the First Lord of the Admiralty's, when, lo and behold! the contents proved to be a MS. play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager at Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and, on inspecting the cover I found that I had been charged five pounds' odd for the postage. This was bad enough; but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet,

of no less formidable bulk, arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal too without examination. Conceive my horror when out jumped the same identical tragedy of 'The Cherokee Lovers,' with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel entrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore deemed it prudent to forward a duplicate."

TO THE READERS OF THIS JOURNAL.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATION OFFICE,
337 Pearl Street, New York.

Should you desire a copy of 262 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, the best family paper published, beginning our new story, "Hidden Away," by Miss Etta Pierce, sent to any one of your acquaintance who would be likely to appreciate the story, it will give us pleasure to forward it, on receiving the name and address. Yours, respectfully,
FRANK LESLIE.

RUSHTON'S FAREWELL TO THE OLD CORNER.—May, 1870.—Farewell! Old Corner; thou cloverbrook of the sombre and massive pile known as the Astor House. Fate breaks up the most sacred associations, and landlords, obdurate as fate itself, decree many an unwilling separation. Farewell! Old store; after an occupation of thirty-three years and ten months, we part to know each other no more. Never again shall thou be designated as Rushton's. Thy fame, which filled the land, and drew tens of thousands to seek pure and unadulterated dispensations, is gone; the pleasant associations and professional triumphs, of which thou wast the scene, will live in memory, it is true, but thy shrine, desecrated by the worship of Mammon, will no longer be honored in the connection.

Farewell! Old Friend, we now must part;

A grasping landlord bids me sever

The ties which bound thee to my heart;

But, can I forget thee? Never!

No, nor the eight thousand five hundred dollars a year rent demanded for a room fifteen by thirty feet, even though on Broadway, and rendered famous by the name of Rushton. But I shall not have gone far away; within sight, at 11 Barclay street, with far more convenient and enlarged accommodations, I have set up my professional penates, and having to pay less than half the rent, can afford a reduction to my old friends and new customers of from 15 to 40 per cent. The old familiar corner may fall into decay, but "Rushton's Semper Vivet."

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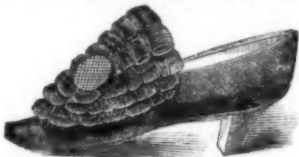
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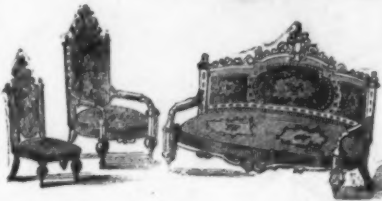
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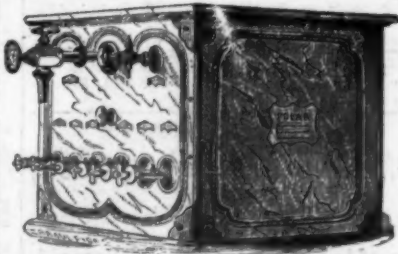
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